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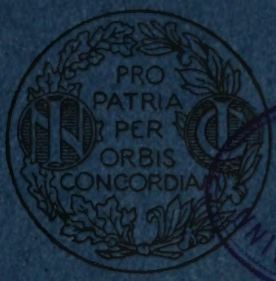

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Contents:

THE UNITED STATES IN ARGENTINA - - - - LUIS PASCARELLA 327
Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, March, 1920

WOMAN'S POLITICAL STATUS IN CHILE - RICARDO SALAS EDWARDS 332
Revista Chilena, Santiago, Chile, March, 1920

THE FREE SPIRIT OF WALT WHITMAN- - - - ARMANDO DONOSO 340
From the volume, *La senda clara*, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1919

PAN AMERICANISM FROM A CENTRAL AMERICAN STANDPOINT
RAFAEL URTECHO 347
El Comercio, Managua, Nicaragua, March 11, 1920

MARTI'S IDEAS UPON EDUCATION - - - - - ANTONIO IRAIZOZ 350
Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, May, 1920

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND: *A STORY* - JUAN MANUEL POLAR 364
Mercurio Peruano, Lima, Perú, April, 1920

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF A GREAT DAILY - - - - - *Editorials* 374
El Mercurio, Santiago, Chile, January 4, 1920

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY IN ART - - - - - - - - JOSÉ INGENIEROS 377
Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, February, 1920

A QUARTERNARY GIANT - - - - - - - CARLOS CUERVO MÁRQUEZ 387
Boletín de la Sociedad de Ciencias Naturales, Bogotá, Colombia, August—October, 1918

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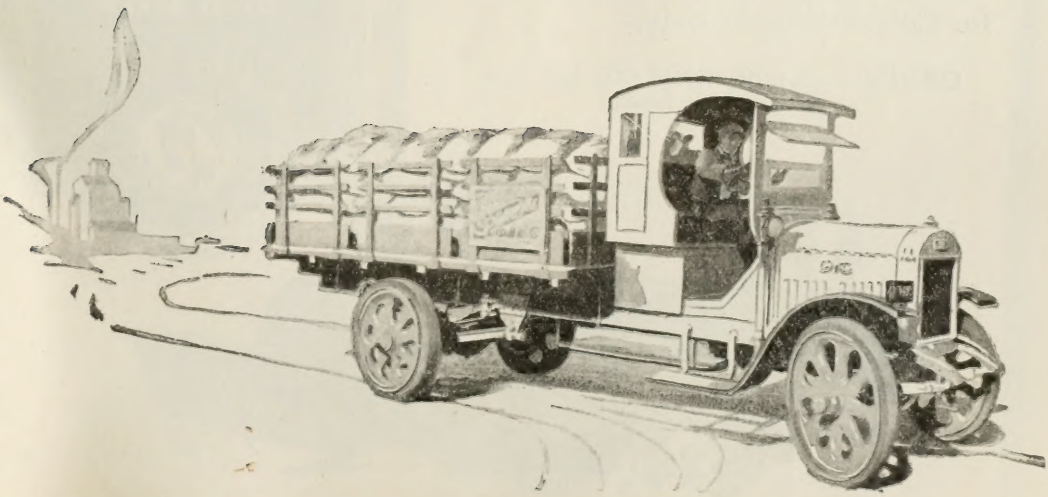

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Index

ENGLISH : : VOLUME III

October, 1919—August, 1920

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

INDEX
ENGLISH: VOLUME III

October, 1919—August, 1920

AUTHORS AND TITLES

A

Alsina, Juan Carlos: In front of Iguazú 218
Andrade Coello, Alejandro: Intellectual Ecuador: an index to the recent literary movement 144
Appeal to patriotism, An: *Editorial* . . 176
Armas, José de: Rosas and Doctor Francia 21

B

Barcos, Julio R.: Our professors of idealism in America (*continued*) 84, 173, 241
Bartolo: Antonio Cañamaque. 19
Blanco-Fombona, Rufino: The struggle for independence in Argentina 47
Blay Pigrau, Andrés: Hierba mate . . 204
Bolívar and his friends abroad: C. Parra Pérez 259
Book trade in the southern countries of America, The: Jesús Semprum 316
Breviary of the sad: Juan Pedro Calou . 212

C

Calou, Juan Pedro: Breviary of the sad. 212
Campos, José Antonio: The popular festival of San Pedro and San Pablo in Guayaquil; Guaranteed timepieces 43, 45
Campos, José Antonio: Other Ecuadorian sketches: The king of swimmers; Mamerto's mother-in-law: The cura's hat 235, 236, 238
Cañamaque, Antonio: Bartolo 19
City of copper, The: smelter impressions of the Cerro de Pasco: Juan Bautista de Lavalle 79
C. M.: Lima. 38
Coll, Carlos, M.: Popular housing in Argentina 220
Contemporary Uruguayan literature: Manuel Núñez Regueiro 306
Cuervo Márquez, Carlos: A quarternary giant 387
Cura's hat, The: Campos, José Antonio 238

D

Decline of literary dogmatism, The: Max Henríquez Ureña 178
Dictatorship of the proletariat, The: Mario Guiral Moreno 26
Dominican intellectual life: Federico García Godoy 298
Donoso, Armando: The free spirit of Walt Whitman 340
Don Quijote in Yankeeland: Juan Manuel Polar 364
Don Valentín Letelier and his intellectual work: Alejandro Fuenzalida Grandón . . . 112

E

England and the religion of to-morrow: Amado Nervo 191
Escobar Lara, Rafael: The Monroe doctrine and the league of nations 283
Etchings from the zoölogical garden: Clementi Onelli 11
Evolution of the civil and intellectual life of Chile: Octavio Méndez Pereira . . 108

F

Foundation of New Panamá, The: Juan Antonio Susto 275
Free spirit of Walt Whitman, The: Armando Donoso 340
Fuenzalida Grandón. Alejandro: Don Valentín Letelier and his intellectual work . . 112
Funeral song: *verse*. Carlos Guido y Spano 324

G

García Godoy, Federico: Dominican intellectual life 298
Gómez Restrepo, Antonio: Reflections upon the battle of Boyacá 103
Good cheese, A: Leopoldo Lugones . . 160
Growing the cocoanut-palm: *Editorial* . 295
Guaranteed timepieces: José Antonio Campos 45
Guido y Spano, Carlos: Funeral song . 324
Guiral Moreno, Mario: The dictatorship of the proletariat 26
Gutiérrez, J. del C.: Rufino José Cuervo 269

H

Henríquez Ureña, Max: The decline of literary dogmatism 178
Hidalgo, Alberto: Manuel González Prada 171
Hierba mate: Andres Blay Pigrau. . . 204
Hurtado y Arias, E. G.: Ricardo Palma 131

I

In front of Iguazú: Juan Carlos Alsina . 218
Ingenieros, José: Psychopathology in art 377
Intellectual Ecuador: an index to the recent literary movement: Alejandro Andrade Coello 144
Interview with Doctor Brum, the president of Uruguay, An: *Correspondence* . . . 3
Iraizoz, Antonio: Martí's ideas upon education 350

K

King of swimmers, The: Campos, José Antonio 235
Knights of the cloak, The: chronicle of the civil war: Ricardo Palma 135

L

Lanús, Adolfo: Mountain notes . . . 280
Lavalle, Juan Bautista de: The city of copper: smelter impressions of the Cerro de Pasco 79
Letter from the north, A: Jesús Semprum 244
Lima: C. M. 38
Lugones, Leopoldo: Two Argentine stories: Shepherd boy and shepherd girl; A good cheese 157, 160
Luisi, Paulina: Motherhood. 321
Lyra, Heitor: Pan Americanism in Brazil prior to the statement of the Monroe doctrine 67

M

Magic city in the desert, A: *Editorial* . . 265
Mamerto's mother-in-law: Campos, José Antonio 236
Manuel González Prada: Alberto Hidalgo 171
Martí's ideas upon education: Antonio Iraizoz 350
Méndez Pereira, Octavio: Evolution of the civil and intellectual life of Chile. . . 108
Monroe doctrine and the league of nations, The: Rafael Escobar Lara 283
Motherhood: Paulina Luisi 321
Mountain notes: Adolfo Lanús. . . . 280

N

Nervo, Amado: England and the religion of to-morrow 191
Novel changes in the constitution of Uruguay: *Editorial* 9
Núñez Regueiro, Manuel: Contemporary Uruguayan literature 306

O

Onelli, Clementi: Etchings from the zoölogical garden. 11
Ortiz, Fernando: Steps in the evolution of religion 249
Other Ecuadorian sketches: José Antonio Campos 235
Our professors of idealism in America: (*continued*)- Julio R. Barcos . . 84, 173, 241
Outward bound: Eduardo Wilde . . . 121

P

Palma, Ricardo, a man of marked personality: E. G. Hurtado y Arias 131
Palma, Ricardo, a vitalizer of the past: *Editorial* 132
Palma, Ricardo: The knights of the cloak: chronicle of the civil war 135
Parra Pérez, C.: Bolívar and his friends abroad. 259
Pascarella, Luis: The United States in Argentina 327
Pan Americanism from a Central American standpoint: Rafael Urtecho 347
Pan Americanism in Brazil prior to the statement of the Monroe doctrine: Heitor Lyra 67
Peruvian landscapes: José de la Riva Agüero 196
Popular festival of San Pedro and San Pablo in Guayaquil, The: José Antonio Campos 43
Popular housing in Argentina; Carlos M. Coll 220
Polar, Juan Manuel: Don Quijote in Yankeeland (*continued*) 364
Psychopathology in art: José Ingenieros. 377

Q

Quarternary giant, A: Carlos Cuervo Márquez 387

R

Reflections upon the battle of Boyacá: Antonio Gómez Restrepo 103
Religiousness of Bolívar, The: Pedro María Revolo 163
Return to the past, A: *Editorial* 304
Revolo, Pedro María: The religiousness of Bolívar 163

Riva Agüero, José de la: Peruvian landscapes 195
Rosas and Doctor Francia: José de Armas 21
Rufino José Cuervo: J. del C. Gutiérrez 269

S

Salas Edwards, Ricardo: Woman's political status in Chile 332
Semi-centennial of a great daily, The: *Editorials* : 374
Semprum, Jesús: A letter from the north 244
Semprum, Jesús: The book trade in the southern countries of America. . . . 316
Shepherd boy and shepherd girl: Leopoldo Lugones 157
Steps in the evolution of religion: Fernando Ortiz 249
Struggle for independence in Argentine, The: Rufino Blanco-Fombona 47
Susto, Juan Antonio: The foundation of New Panamá 275

T

Two Argentine stories: Shepherd boy and shepherd girl; A good cheese: Leopoldo Lugones 157, 160

U

United States in Argentina, The: Luis Pascarella 327
Urtecho, Rafael: Pan Americanism from a Central American standpoint 347

W

Wilde, Eduardo: Outward bound . . . 121
Woman's political status in Chile: Ricardo Salas Edwards 332

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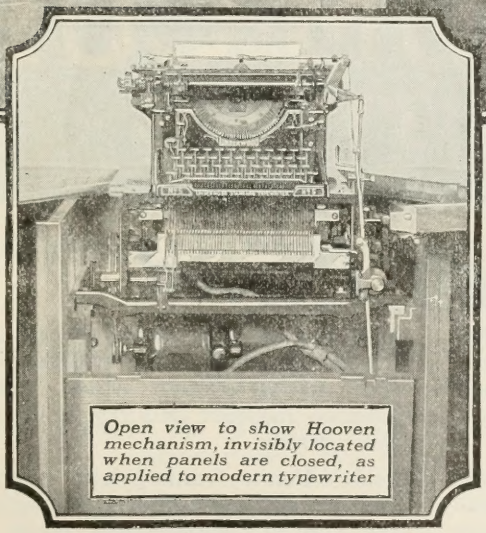

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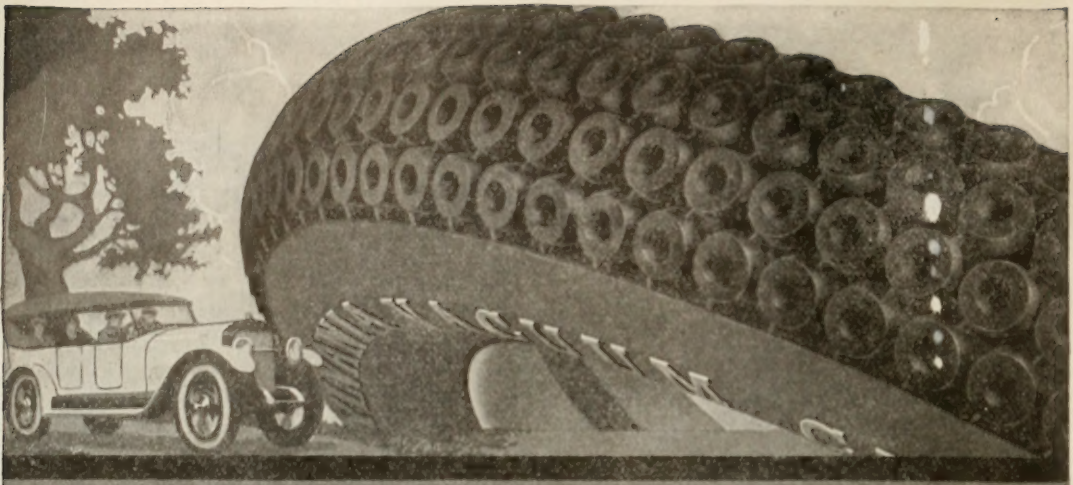

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Contents:

THE UNITED STATES IN ARGENTINA - - - - LUIS PASCARELLA 327
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RAFAEL URTECHO 347
El Comercio, Managua, Nicaragua, March 11, 1920

MARTI'S IDEAS UPON EDUCATION - - - - - ANTONIO IRAIZOZ 350
Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, May, 1920

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND: *A STORY* - JUAN MANUEL POLAR 364
Mercurio Peruano, Lima, Perú, April, 1920

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF A GREAT DAILY - - - - - *Editorials* 374
El Mercurio, Santiago, Chile, January 4, 1920

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY IN ART - - - - - - - - - JOSÉ INGENIEROS 377
Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, February, 1920

A QUARTERNARY GIANT - - - - - - - - CARLOS CUERVO MÁRQUEZ 387
Boletín de la Sociedad de Cieucias Naturales, Bogotá, Colombia, August—October, 1918

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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

RICARDO SALAS EDWARDS was born in Santiago, Chile, some forty-eight years ago; he is a descendant, on his mother's side, of the well known Chilean family of Edwards, of English origin; he is a lawyer and publicist, and a professor of law in the Universidad Católica of Santiago; he has served as a deputy in the popular branch of the national chambers and as minister of public instruction, affiliated with the conservative party; his interest has been especially concentrated upon questions of finance; his principal work is *Historia de la revolución de 1891*, which is a good biography of the ill-fated José Manuel Balmaceda, but he has written a number of books and many pamphlets; in 1901, he founded the *Diario Ilustrado*, now one of the leading newspapers of Chile.

ARMANDO DONOSO is a Chilean journalist, man of letters and critic, now in the early thirties; he was educated in Santiago and in the universities of Germany, having specialized in German literature; he is on the editorial staff of *El Mercurio* of Santiago, Valparaíso and Antofagasta; he is the author of *Los nuevos; Menéndez Palayo y su obra; Bilbao y su tiempo; Lemaître; La senda clara*, et cetera; and the compiler of *Parnaso chileno;* and *Pequeña antología de poetas chilenos contemporáneos.*

RAFAEL URTECHO is a Nicaraguan publicist who lives in Rivas, and a representative in the national congress from the *departamento* of the same name.

ANTONIO IRAIZOZ (del Villar) was born on June 14, 1891, in Habana, and he was educated there; after spending five years in teaching, he devoted himself to journalism, and he has served upon the editorial staffs of *La Discusión, La Prensa* and *La Lucha*, and as editor-in-chief of the *Patria;* since 1913, he has been editor-in-chief of *La Noche;* he is greatly interested in masonry and particularly in its history; he is the author of *La masonería y las tendencias al nacionalismo; El sentimiento religioso en la literatura española;* and *Sensaciones del momento.*

JUAN MANUEL POLAR was born in Arequipa, Perú, in 1863; he is a good illustration of the self-educated man, as his intellectual attainments are the result, in the main, of his own effort and wide reading; from his youth he has enjoyed a reputation as a man of letters; he is the author of a number of poems and of many dramas and stories; he has written much upon the regional legends.

JOSÉ INGENIEROS is an Argentine physician, philosopher and man of letters, a professor in the faculty of philosophy of the Universidad de Buenos Aires, the director of the bimonthly magazine *Revista de Filosofía*, and the author of many works, among which may be mentioned the following: *La psicopatología en el arte; La simulaciòn en la lucha; La simulación de la locura; Estudios clínicos sobre la histeria y la sugestión*, et cetera; the most widely known of his books is *El hombre mediocre*, which has gone through a number of editions, and has been read throughout the Spanish world; he is also the director of *La Cultura Argentina*, a "library" in which some thirty-five volumes by national authors have been published.

CARLOS CUERVO MÁRQUEZ, born in Bogotá, Colombia, and now in middle life, is a general and publicist; he has served as Ministro de Gobierno, Ministro de Relaciones Exteriores, Ministro de Guerra and Ministro de Instrucción Pública; as president of the Cámara de Diputados; as minister to Italy; and as president of the Academia Nacional de Historia de Colombia; he represented the Academia Nacional de Historia de Colombia in the Second Pan American Scientific Congress, held in Washington, December, 26, 1915-January 10, 1916; in 1917, he published the first volume of his *Vida del doctor José Ignacio de Márquez*, and in 1919, the second.

THE UNITED STATES IN ARGENTINA

BY

LUIS PASCARELLA

A calm and dispassionate discussion of the past, present and future commercial, intellectual and artistic position and influence of the United States in South America and particularly in Argentina. It is surely well for us to know the truth, both as to our shortcomings and our excellences, and the author performs for us a real service by showing us exactly where we stand in the senses indicated in relation to his people and in comparison with some of the other nations. If here and there he pricks our national pride, he also soothes it as well by showing us wherein we are strong, while, at the same time pointing the way to the improvement of our position. —THE EDITOR.

IN SPITE of the constitutional model, Madison, Story and the copious jurisprudence of the court, Yankee influence, throughout the course of the nineteenth century, was merely verbal. The enumerative scholars, who proceed upon the basis of library catalogues and encyclopedic dictionaries—a plague that is becoming worse every day—were wont to exhaust the quotation and the dithyramb; but, as a matter of fact, the sum and substance of it all was confined to the limited and silent world of the book shelves. This was not because there was lacking in reality a true conception of what the civilization of the north meant.

Sarmiento said, in 1865, with his habitual discernment and candor:

> South America lacks antecedents of government in her own colonial history, for she must not go to ask light of Felipe II or Frenando VII upon the art of governing. Nothing better would be given us by France, whose publicists can only be pardoned, like the Magdalen, for their much loving.
>
> The political school for South America is in the United States, as the sharer of English liberties, as the creator of a government absolutely free and very strong, by exception, which in peace has built up the most prosperous nation of the earth and in war has displayed resources, has gathered armies, invented weapons and obtained laurels that open a new page in the history of modern war, making the ancient wars seem small.[1]

These and similar pages—which seem to have been written yesterday—fell practically unheeded, and, in order to form an idea of the suspicions awakened by the "colossus" of the north, it is sufficient to reread the discourse that was pronounced twenty-five years later by Doctor Roque Sáenz Peña, in the American International Conference, on the occasion of the aborted "Zollverein."

Highly polished and irreproachable in form, suspiciousness, lack of confidence, the manifest purpose of giving the United States to understand that she was mistaken through and through, if she supposed that Argentina "would end by forgetting the key of her policy," appear in every line.

"Zollverein?" he says to her, "with whom? for what? Do you not see that there does not exist even a fair equivalence between the presumptive copartners?" Paragraph after paragraph supported a veritable allegation in favor of the "Europeanization" of South America and especially of Argentina.

With what right did they seek to replace the ancient Europe that has bequeathed us the products of her age-long civilization and that to-day gives us her blood and her money, elements essential to the realization of Alberdi's fundamental conception?

The convincing figures of the commercial interchange between the United States and the whole of South America afforded a solid argument that had no answer.

Afterward, in 1893, the celebration of the centennial of the discovery of America occasioned the sending of an Argentine representative who preserved in indelible pages an account of his trip across the continent. The ticklish and ironical Celt, Groussac,[2] who would have given half a

[1] Introduction to the *Vida de Lincoln.*

[2] Paul Groussac, a native of France, long resident in Buenos Aires: he is a man of letters, historian and bibliographer; for many years he has been the director of the Biblioteca Nacional. See INTER-AMERICA for October, 1917, page 14, the article entitled: "The Congress of Tucumán;" and Biographical Data, page 64.—THE EDITOR.

dozen of his best phrases for Banville's felicitous matching of adjectives (*Messine est une ville étrange et surannée*), did not find a shore upon which to disembark. The west constituted an igneous mass in the course of formation; the east was a mere copy of a remoter east. His eyes, accustomed to admire the beauties of Falguière's *Diana*, he could not comprehend—and much less tolerate without protest—the canons that governed the harmony of Bartholdi's *Liberty*. New York, the symbol of Yankee greatness, was "an amalgam of equal parts of America and Europe." By becoming "gigantic" or "cyclopean," everything became deformed there. Art was all the more art in preparation as the potency of its elements was raised. It was all a question of magnitude. The opera-singers, excellent in Paris or London, by bulking their effects, became unbearable in New York. Imagine a Tamagno and a Calvé cubed in order to be able to maintain due proportions with the frame in which they were set. Wisdom was merely utilitarian; everything must contribute to the "dollar policy."

In 1897, Doctor Sáenz Peña's ideas about the northern republic had not changed.

We are of yesterday, and we fill the world.

This integral part of the matutinal prayer of Polyphemus irritated the delicate skin of the gentleman accustomed to the atmosphere that is breathed in the most ceremonious spot of the world: the Faubourg Saint-Germain. "It was not Monroe," he said, "but Canning, who was the true defender of the American colonies when the Holy Alliance attempted 'to wear out' the world at its pleasure." The sovereign of the White House explored with an enormous spy-glass the four cardinal points, and no appreciable obstacle interfered with his vision. Law, in his hands, amounted to little less than a club of the proportions of the one who wielded it. "The United States," he added, "is not given to believing in the political equality of nations; she considers the principle as a fiction derived from public law, and the North American has no liking for any fiction." "Cases passed upon by a foreign tribunal are ordinarily not without recourses in the courts at home, and in not a few instances, the head of the naval station solves them summarily."

Such conceptions do not predispose to sympathy, and hence it is explicable that, later, when the Cuban war broke out, the diplomat and man of letters took a public stand on the side of Spain. Doctor Sáenz Peña's discourse pronounced to this effect, in the famous gathering at the Victoria, May 2, 1898, contains this phrase:

the well-being of the United States is the most burdensome institution that weighs upon the world.

Groussac, in turn, said:

I have not awaited the outbreak of this armed conflict to express the mixture of repugnance and terror with which I am inspired by the latest social mold in which an effort is being made to recast the worst elements of the ancient mold. The Cuban war is a mere accident . . . but the evil will continue latent, and the danger will subsist not only for the rest of the American continent, but also for civilization itself, that to which it is our glory to belong.

Such were the fears that Wilson's country aroused during the closing days of the nineteenth century: a gushing cataract that would carry away everything that existed without leaving any other trace of its own than the ruins of secular institutions.

II

A few years later, on entering the laboratory of the faculty of philosophy, my attention was attracted by the portrait of a personage who, because of his dress, ought to be a contemporary. . . . There, where was not visible the image of Plato, Aristotle, Kant or Descartes, appeared the democratic figure of a gentleman with a beard, of simple appearance, without the tortured look that Rodin attributes to everybody he paints.

"It is James," said to me the professor of the subject:[3] "a Yankee philosopher."

"Yankee philosopher! And to what does he owe the high honor of being the only human figure worthy of displaying his traits in this ancient temple of learning?"

My curiosity was satisfied. I learned that among the theologians of monoism and

[3]The lamented Doctor Piñero, recently deceased.

dualism, engaged about that time in a frightful battle, James preserved his *neutrality*.

In truth, however, the merits of the case were more positive: his voluminous *Principles of Psychology* is, for charity and simplicity and for the descriptive beauty of certain chapters, a genuine *novel of the soul*. It was not now a question of utilitarian science, science that would enable men to go faster, hear better or see farther, a science, in short, accelerative of *business*,[4] but learning not connected with trusts and the bourse. That was—as a pedant would say—a sky-light that gave vision to an unexpected compartment of the solid American mentality.

It was about that time also that a veritable exploration, with an eye to business, was begun in the form of visiting commissions, men of affairs, representatives of the great corporations, *et cetera*. It may be affirmed that between 1904 and 1910 all our shoe factories—for example—adopted American machinery. Foot wear itself abandoned the traditional Franco-English last and adopted that of the north. Furniture connected with the several branches of business replaced the old varieties that had been supplied by Europe. Sectional book shelves to meet all requirements were substituted, with evident advantage, for the heavy and inconvenient cabinets.

Still the assault did not even shake the positions won by the ancient Europe in all the realms of Argentine activity. Whatever was American continued to be covered with a varnish of extravagance that prevented one from seeing the solid quality underneath. Hence, down to 1914, there was a struggle, because, being the last to arrive, it encountered a series of competitors, deeply rooted by tradition, who were not disposed to submit placidly to dislodgement. England, Germany, France and Italy dominated the market, and they were pushing on to increase their lead, all the more, since the real or fictitious prosperity of the preceding decade had given a great impetus to business. Indeed, the exports, which in 1903 exceeded 131,206,600 *pesos*, gold, were progressively increasing until they reached their maximum in 1913, with the sum of 495,000,000 *pesos*. In this economic advance, the United States occupied the third place, up to 1913, coming after the United Kingdom and Germany. In 1915, the United Kingdom fell off from 130,000,000 to 66,000,000 *pesos*, while America became even with her, to pass her the next year, with 63,000,000 against 60,000,000. It should be borne in mind that the American figures have, in a certain way, a greater value, inasmuch as they relate to purchases paid for immediately upon the receipt of the documents. The Americans gained nothing in this respect by the stimulus of credit, which was worth so much to the Germans and even to the British. A more careful statistical compilation would reveal with greater precision the importance of the displacement wrought by American commerce; but even so, this aspect would assume a purely quantative character. Necessity—some repeat—has compelled us to have recourse to our *brothers of the north*. With the termination of the war, when exchange recovers its normal course, its influence will be circumscribed to *ante bellum* limits. There is no danger that they will conquer us, because they do not know how to do so. Is this presumption correct? . . . And if it be so, is it best for us that what we call American influence should be reduced to the fugitiveness of a meteor?

III

Examining these questions with all possible brevity, it may be affirmed, without more ado, that American commerce is not English commerce, that is, the commerce to which the whole world has rendered and renders the fullest homage. In our market, there are houses of British origin that constitute veritable national institutions; for no one, not even their bitter enemies, would dare to insinuate the least doubt regarding their commercial conduct. Their method of keeping engagements and their commodities have never brought discredit upon their trade-marks or their names, now centuries old. The rule that an obligation must be fulfilled, exactly as contracted, in harmony with the old adage, that business rests upon good faith, constitutes their general standard of conduct.

[4]English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

Can it be said then that during recent years British commerce has been outstripped?

It was asserted, that with the passing of time, the Germans and the Americans would, little by little, have undermined its lead. We do not believe it. German imitative industry succeeded, by the cheapness of its prices and methods of selling, in multiplying consumption; and hence it did not displace, but it complemented, the English article. The well informed, who could pay, acquired the genuine product; he who was not able or did not wish to spend was content with the imitation.

British commerce laid the foundation of its predominance in its way of carrying on business and in the excellence of its products.

Does American commerce present these same characteristics?

We must say with frankness that up to the present time it does not.

Already, in 1916, the Unión Industrial, in view of the bad situation produced by the conduct of the American exporters, addressed a note to the consul-general of the United States to point out to him that many of the members complained of a failure to live up to contracts.[5]

From that time until the present day, the situation has improved; but in many Argentine industrials there prevails a prejudice against the American commercial methods, and the war being ended, it remains to be seen whether it was merely circumstantial or whether it was due to the congenital modality of that country.

Be that as it may, the current has been established; institutions of credit set up among us will tend to foster the process of adaptation, and if North American commerce ends by approximating the European, it will render its dominion solid.

However, it is not from an exclusively economic point of view that the North American invasion interests us, because it is not a question of a mere competitor whose purpose is limited to obtaining a space in which to store his products, a thing which others have done on a greater or less scale. The Yankee of to-day, by the natural gravitation of things and by means of his doctrines, which appeal to the intelligence, and his art, which affects customs, tends to the conquest of all peoples and especially of new peoples. The grounds which he alleged for taking part in the European war and the principles enunciated by Wilson—the basic principles of international and even of national common life—have *dynamized*—if I may be permitted to use the ungainly word—the theories which, like utopian formulas, slept in the old European texts. The United States has produced a man who has known how to put that beautiful old wine into new wine-skins, taking it upon himself, at the same time, to decant it throughout the whole world. A universal confraternity was impossible as long as there existed formidable barriers bulwarked by tradition; and, consequently, if of a people be exacted the fulfilment of the engagements entered into by its government, a beginning ought to be made by making it know what kind of compacts have been entered into, thus avoiding the case of a triple alliance which has lasted thirty years without the interested parties knowing exactly of what it consisted.

Besides, Wilson has favored the doctrine of the self-determination of peoples, a doctrine which he set forth in the famous *declaration of the rights of man*, which was applied arbitrarily by the great signatory powers of the Holy Alliance, even if they could not definitively prevent German unity and Italian unity, as they will not prevent to-day the Slavic *invasion*. Wilson has undertaken to loose all the ties that bound together the different nuclei by permitting them, like the waters of a cataract, to seek a level for themselves, to attain to self-determination in accord with their race, traditions, customs, interests, *et cetera*. Will he succeed? It is premature to venture a reply, but, at any rate, the revived and clearly articulated doctrine is that which is operating upon all consciousnesses. Time will tell with what result.

IV

We have said that another appreciable phase of the *conquest* is that effected by means of North American art. We understand that those who have their spirit

[5] I confess to being the author of the resolution and of the note.

impregnated with French exquisiteness will smile when they hear that a Yankee art may be able to conquer the world.

Nevertheless, this is what is happening. The Yankees, with what we call their art, are infiltrating our life little by little, and they are on the way to transform our customs with more efficacy than English capital, the opera-singers, and the modistes of the rue de la Paix. It is because the cinematograph constitutes an adequate instrument for the exteriorization of the American soul. It is the means that enables it to concrete, to materialize, its longings.

It is, besides, an experimental proof of the error into which those fall who maintain that our mentality or sensibility go back ages and ages into the past in order to comprehend and to admire things of little value.

The American people, we repeat, have found in the cinematograph the instrument adapted to show what they are and what they wish, that is, the cyclopean, the gigantic, things raised to their highest power: mountains that vanish, rivers that evaporate, cities that spring up and disappear in a breath; all the gamut of magnitudes in keeping with the vision of the iron conquerors of the far west.

There is the *quid*, it will be said. It is the art of Polyphemus, an art that consists in mass and bulk, in the parade of *things* that tend to arouse curiosity or surprise, but never emotion, the ineffable emotion contained in the art that, in myriad form, the ancient Europe has bequeathed to us. Those who think thus are mistaken. The cinematograph is an instrument that lends itself to the expression of beauty with the same intensity as a Greek tragedy, with the added quality of its possible universalization. The look of suffering or the tear that creeps across the screen stirs millions and millions of individuals in every corner of the world; and the Americans are the ones who know best how to suffer and how to weep for the cinematograph. What is theirs begins to interest us as much as and more than what is ours, and Mary Pickford, June Caprice, George Walsh and Wallace Reid are discussed in our homes with the same passion as in California or New York. No one can deny that all this assumes the character of a conquest.

However, the American artistic side merits from us a special chapter.

WOMAN'S POLITICAL STATUS IN CHILE[1]

BY

RICARDO SALAS EDWARDS

The movement in favor of the integration of woman with the body politic by extending to her the franchise and the right to hold public office has been felt accutely in Argentina and Uruguay for a number of years. It is now gradually making its way in the more isolated Chile, centering, perhaps, in the modest, but none the less effective, Club de Señoras of Santiago, which is awake to all new ideas and ever ready to hear the message of those who have anything of serious import to give. The following article is an address recently delivered before this club, and in it the author, who shows himself to be acquainted with the position of woman in the leading countries of the world, discusses interestingly her opportunities in Chile. It will be of especial interest to those who devote themselves to the study of the questions of suffrage, woman's influence upon social and political problems and the relation which she sustains to the home and society.—THE EDITOR.

THE recent war has hastened the evolution of the greatest social problems, and among them the problem of the political rights of woman. For a long time previous, suffrage was exercised by women in the Scandinavian countries, Australia and many states of North America; but only the war has facilitated an equal recognition of their right to it in the majority of the European countries. The ability displayed by women in the service of their country secured from their respective governments the promise to support their petition for an active citizenship.

From the centuries in which paganism degraded woman by looking upon her simply as a beautiful object of pleasure, and from the period in which, in spite of the sublime dignification that Jesus Christ made of her, the author of the Koran closed to her the entrance to paradise, and pseudo-theologians placed in doubt whether her soul might be worth as much as man's, there has been a great advance in the uniform recognition, substantiated by science, that her sociological value is in no way unworthy of the being of whom she is a fit companion.

In spite of the fact that throughout all time the world has admired women of great talent or deeds, such as Santa Elena and Isabel the Catholic, Catharine of Sienna and Catharine de' Medici, Genevieve and Jeanne d'Arc, only in current times may it be said that just homage has begun to be rendered, in the realm of law, to all their kind without exception.

In Chile also, from very early, we regarded with affection the names of illustrious women who served the country. The Ministerio de Instrucción Pública has honored the names of some who were not lacking in imitators in later times. They, however, were, until a quarter of a century ago, only exceptional cases which revealed that, in spite of her unhappy legal position and her deficient general education, the Chilean woman had the capacity and the will to contribute to social progress.

Afterward there have been manifested, during the last twenty-five years, phenomena of importance that have bettered woman's general culture and the development of her independence. Among them were the spread of establishments for the primary and secondary education of woman; the occupations themselves that she has found as the teacher of the present generations, which can no longer entertain a doubt of her intellectual capacity; the establishment of great factories and commercial selling houses, which have already given her lucrative employment, independent of the home; the organization of societies and clubs; and, finally, artistic and literary activities, or the Catholic social action of the highest female classes, which has been developed as a stimulus to the entire sex during recent years.

This is the condition of woman in Chile

[1]An address delivered before the Liga de Damas Chilenas, at the Club de Señoras.

at the moment when the most advanced nations of the world, great or small—abandoning the stale and arbitrary prejudices regarding the mental and moral incapacity of woman—give the most ample recognition to her rights by calling upon her to coöperate in labors for the public good.

Simultaneously with this victory which woman has achieved outside of our territory, a natural force is again enlarging the field of representative government in Chile by increasing more and more the proportion of the inhabitants who participate in the election of the public authorities, and, consequently, in determining the policies of the government.

During the colonial period, the citizens of this country had little or no influence in the choice of their authorities. In the first years of the existence of the republic, the rulers represented only the express will of one and a half per cent. of the population; while at present this proportion of the suffrage is nearly ten times greater, and in the principal regions of the republic, the most of the men of legal age play a part to-day as electoral citizens.

The electoral body tends therefore to increase, greater and greater being the proportion of the inhabitants who take part, occasionally, if you will, in the solution of the great problems of national interest; and in spite of the shameful buying of votes, it is evident that there are more conscientiousness and independence than formerly in the Chilean electoral body.

This phenomenon of the extension and betterment of the suffrage has been caused in Chile by the impulse of moral forces similar to those that have led the more cultivated countries of the world simultaneously to a just recognition of the political rights of woman, that is, of the other half of mankind, which had been forgotten hitherto by legislators and publicists; and everything leads to the supposition that the same causes are tending to the same result in Chile.

It is a question therefore of a phenomenon, which, from the first glance, seems to be of transcendent importance, inasmuch as it would have the effect of doubling the number of persons who participate in political life. It is a question at the same time of a phenomenon of probable and perhaps early realization among us, in view of the natural democratic evolution which we behold proceeding in Chile, and of the undeniable mental influence which will be exercised very soon over South America by the fact that from Canada to Australia, from the United States to Germany, from Norway to Italy, France, Spain, *et cetera*, it has been inaugurated with success, and the participation of woman in public affairs is likely to be brought about by government initiative.

I know that the majority of our legislators, and public opinion as a whole, view this problem with indifference and almost with disdain; but I know also that among the number of indifferent persons I do not include you, who constitute a very select group of the directive element of your sex, and who comprehend the responsibility that rests upon you in the face of such prospects.

What benefits can this recognition of your action—whether intermittent or active—yield to the Chilean woman and the entire country in the solution of the public problems of to-day? What obligation devolves upon you at this moment to prepare yourselves for the exercise of the political functions that are seemingly inevitable or for hastening their advent, if justice itself and public expediency counsel such a course?

This is the very essence of the problem which I desire to study here in your presence; and I see clearly that when we touch upon the exalted springs of duty, your noble conscience lends itself at once to the consideration of a question that is ordinarily, but wrongly, considered as of very remote interest.

Imagine a country in which political policies, in the times through which we are passing, should be decided by the proprietors of the land only, as in certain past ages. This would be equivalent now to nothing less than the provocation of a social revolution. Imagine one in which those who work at a trade should be the only persons recognized as citizens. This is what has been set up in Russia arbitrarily by the Bolshe-

vists. Think of being set down in a country where merely the old men should have political rights; and you would be able to imagine that you were living in an historical museum, with figures more or less immutable, in which few evils would be reformed and resignation alone would be demanded. Try, finally, to bring before your minds what a nation would be like in which the government would devolve wholly upon the young men who had just left the school-room, with all their impetuosity as reformers and seekers after the new; and you will become convinced of the importance of the rôle played by the active citizenry of a nation.

In our case, it is a question of the half of mankind, which is composed of women, whose psychological characteristics are not opposed, thank God, to those of men, although *different* from them. The problem therefore is important. Regarding what they say to you—to the effect that no change takes place in a state with the acquisition of political rights by women, since tendencies are identical, and you, as mothers, daughters, wives or sisters are already represented by men—tell them that you will then vote for them; and you will see how the men will at once retract their argument.

Do not think, however, that it may be deduced from all that has been said that in the countries which have recognized woman's political rights thus: antagonism has been aroused toward man.

Experience, which in the cases of some of them extends over almost half a century, demonstrates that women do not form an exclusive political party, but that they distribute themselves according to former alinements. Their activities are manifested along lines as natural as those of the old men and the youth about whom we have spoken, who do not figure as such in any circle of their own; however, their opinion weighs none the less in the public scales. Women continue to exercise their functions in their families, in their guilds or in the existing political groups, in the countries that have recognized their civic status, and all without shocks or violence, by gently modifying their tendencies in given directions, but never by lining up in ranks hostile to men.

It is necessary to ascertain what experience has to teach us in this respect regarding the *true effect* of woman's action, apparently so silent and natural in its forms.

In the Saxon countries, which have recognized for many years the political right of women to vote and to be elected in the communal elections, there is living testimony. A North American publicist of repute says that the participation of women as voters has rapidly improved the sanitary and moral conditions of hundreds of cities: parks are enlarged, streets and markets are kept clean, new asylums are opened, school buildings are made more ample and agreeable, libraries are founded, the means of proper recreation are increased, and the centers of vice—the *brothel, the saloon and the gambling-house*—diminished.

The evident and beneficent results of the participation of this beautiful and noble disregarded half of the human species in municipal affairs led the legislators of those countries some years later—a fact well worthy of note—almost invariably to extend the suffrage of women to legislative spheres, where almost universally they exercise to-day functions as electors and at times as congressional representatives.

Their influence in Australia, in the Scandinavian countries and in the local legislatures of the North American states, had been shown, even before the war, by the adoption of wise legislation for the social protection of labor.

It has been rightly said that if women had possessed political rights from the time when, during the past century, the era of industrialism began, the labor problem which sprang from it and which to-day is reaching a violent crisis would perhaps not have existed.

Woman's sentimental fiber would have made her comprehend, more opportunely than we men did, all the justice that is involved in the clamor of the working people; and, foreseeing with sufficient anticipation the present violent conflicts—as fatal to capital as to labor—who can tell whether we should not have been able to prevent them by favoring little by little the establishment of an economic regimen more thoroughly

grounded in justice and morality, more permeated with social charity.

Perhaps upon the future political action of woman will depend the internal peace of the nations.

It is interesting to note, in this respect, the suggestive fact that revolutionary socialism exists at present in France, Belgium and other countries in open political strife simultaneously with the defenders of peaceful social reform and the partizans of the electoral rights of women. The upholders of violence see in the latter the best support of social peace, and hence they have come out as their enemies.

You are not to be found, it is true, among the number of those who in the press and in drawing-rooms maintain that the social question does not exist in Chile, that our laborer would not complain if it were not for the propaganda of a dozen or so Russian Bolshevists or of the Bolshevists of our university, whom it is necessary to expel.

This affirmation, which is as simple and convenient as it is blind and unforseeing, was the same one that inspired the czar and the aristocracy of Russia five years ago, and Russia is to-day, in the opinion of an English Protestant minister, a faithful picture of hell.

Your particular concern and efforts in behalf of the physical, moral and economic redemption of the country reveal that you are convinced that the problem exists.

Who are better acquainted than you with the miserable habitations of the majority of the laboring people; who know better than you that the scarcity of food and the slight desire to constitute a family, with the aid of tuberculosis and the social evil, are attacking the traditional vigor of the working classes; that alcohol and gambling wrest from the hands of innumerable laborers their children's bread; and that, as a consequence of all this, the number of those whom natural evolution ought to select as the best fitted to rise from the class is very limited; while it should be the current to replenish the higher classes, as in the great democracies, this being a phenomenon which in itself reveals the gravity of our social ills?

Viewed from this vantage, how great and vast a task of popular regeneration presents itself to your superior intelligence and your heart, zealous for the welfare of your fellow-citizens! Yet . . . how slight for the accomplishment of it are the simple means of propaganda and private action which you possess!

How shall we be able to see the consummation of this work without the power to give to youth a more civically and morally solid education, such as the sociologists demand to-day, and at the same time more adequate and efficient in order practically to satisfy all the needs of existence?

How, without the coöperation of the public authorities, can we foster the rapid improvement of dwellings and the general health, and how can we honestly apply the existing restrictions upon alcohol, which our mayors do not enforce, if there be not felt in our municipalities, as in other countries, the direct action of the woman citizen who keeps guard over the family and the race; and how shall we succeed in securing, without her decided political activity, the just regulation of labor and the establishment of a system for the participation of the working man in the benefits of industry, which is the true and only solution of this artificial antagonism of interests?

The hour for doing something presses, although the political leaders of the present day are not aware of its passage. You, who feel and comprehend the sufferings of this people, are the ones who can best contribute to this undertaking, before the Chilean masses give themselves up in desperation to the agitators, and before the industrials, beaten by exorbitant demands, close their work-shops.

If your activity can be useful in contributing to internal social peace, you are also well aware that the great thinker, President Wilson, has sought to found upon the sentiments of women the future international tranquillity, and that, in order to remove the threatening dangers of a new armed peace, he solicited, in the conferences at Versailles, the universal recognition of the right of woman to vote.

In the dead Argentino-Chilean question, the attitude of the women of the two countries was a noble summons to harmony,

which it was impossible to neglect and which caused things to be viewed with calmness.

It may be that in the old question of the Pacific, which is now a stumbling-block in the way of the progress and confederation of America, there may fall to you, with greater right, a similar rôle.

In thus outlining, with a degree of prolixity, these different public interests that demand your urgent coöperation, there will not be wanting one or another enemy to innovations who will object that in this way you will be running the risk of neglecting the fundamental mission which nature assigned to you in the family and the home.

Nothing of this, indeed, is demonstrated by the experience of the nations in which your rights have been recognized. In them, women do not live in turbulent meetings nor in parades through the squares and avenues, as some might ridiculously imagine, nor do they spend their time in perpetual discussions at political clubs.

The majority, almost the whole of them, limit themselves to voting at each election for the candidates who give assurance of serving the highest national ideals that interest them, just as happens with the great mass of male citizens—an activity which is in itself very effective in directing the policy of governments—but all without agitation, and with more of gentleness than man supplies, as you may well believe. Families do not divide; women do not form an exclusive feminist party; and each of them exercises influence—I repeat—within her guild or within the old aggregations themselves, by applying in them an effort that has all the characteristics of a perfectly natural evolution.

Ridiculous therefore seems the fear that, because of the circumstance that the Chilean women would participate every three or four years in the selection of their rulers at the polls and in demanding of them the fulfilment of their promises, evil would result to the rearing and education of children or to the proper care of the home, which might, on the other hand, expect very substantial benefits from this coöperation.

Undoubtedly there will be certain women who will not confine their activities merely to this. The greater number may do so; but a small and select proportion, such as that which to-day devotes itself to social enterprises, will not limit itself to this occasional rôle.

There will be, indeed, among them some who will feel that they possess aptitudes and time to enable them to comply with the duty of convincing other women and men, as there will be some who, not satisfied with voting for good rulers, may hope themselves to occupy public positions in which their efforts in behalf of municipal affairs will be highly beneficial—as the activities of women have been in other countries—to local progress and the betterment of labor conditions, above all, in respect of hygiene and the strict enforcement of the law regarding alcohol, which is to-day made light of—as we have said—with shameful impunity. We do not hesitate to assert that the recognition of the political rights of woman would mark, for the municipal régime, a stage of progress almost as efficacious as that of the progressive reform of Irarrázaval[2] in 1891, and which would be its natural complement.

A few women, finally, would perhaps come, with the passing of the years, to occupy seats upon the legislative benches. Their number is not now large in any country, and from this female participation, which would be intelligent and noble, there are to be expected nothing but advantages in the wise direction of our parliamentary debates.

Naturally, not all public questions interest women in an equal degree; there will be some that will arouse their attention more than others; but even in respect of affairs as dry and complicated, in appearance, as the economic problems that occupy us to-day, I doubt not that their good sense will enable them to see with readiness the moral side of a question as much overlooked among us as is that of the lack of a stable currency with which to compensate human effort and meet the every-day engagements

[2]Manuel José Irarrázaval, born in Santiago in 1835, died in New York, February 14, 1896: a distinguished Chilean publicist and senator. The law mentioned above gave autonomy to the municipalities of the republic, which had not enjoyed it hitherto.—THE EDITOR.

and purchases. There would be no dialectics or sophisms of the pseudo-economists that could convince them that Chile is a more commercially impotent country than the other Latin-American republics in respect of the maintenance of the value of her money, and that never, during the long years, has there existed any situation propitious to saving her from a system that involves all her inhabitants—whether they like or not—in a perpetual speculation as to the value of what they possess, what they owe or what they earn.

In order to banish from the minds of women the idea that they may deem it a duty not to be occupied even occasionally with these subjects, which are so closely related to the welfare of their fellows, certain writers have adopted the plan of flattering their vanity. The old discussion regarding the qualities of women's souls and the defective configuration of their brains have been nullified by experience, which has demonstrated their perfect intellectual capacity; but some have adopted the system, I say, of holding that, inasmuch as woman's chief mission in the world is to please man, woman, in taking part in the affairs of which we are speaking, would become less attractive to him, and thus she would suffer a decline in the realm of love in which she is the sovereign queen.

This is not the first time that the enemies of woman have condoled with themselves over the future loss of her beautiful qualities. When, during the last century, an active campaign was undertaken in favor of the gymnasium and sports for women, it was predicted that women, by strengthening their muscles, were going to lose the roundness of their forms and change themselves into beings with straight lines and angular bodies, without any attractions for the species. You are acquainted with the facts: after the sports, woman has preserved her same beautiful figure that is so attractive to man, and, besides, she has acquired another new quality: robustness of health.

God based the sympathies of the sexes upon foundations too natural and immutable to afford grounds for the fear that they might vanish with the same ease as that with which we forget the whims of each winter's changing fashions.

However—to concentrate upon our subject, since time advances—we may say that the experience of the nations among which woman has exercised for several decades a political function—whether an active one or a merely occasional one with the suffrage—is that, far from having lost any of her attractiveness for man because of her noble interest in the welfare of her fellows, she has rendered her position beside him more dignified.

She is no longer a being who never thinks about questions of public interest, or who is preoccupied with artistic frivolities only, but she is the true companion of man, who is beginning to share with her his intellectual life; diversions and the arts alternate, in the preferences of her heart, with the consciousness of what she can do to make the conditions of her fellow-creatures more just and more moral.

By the light that is shed upon woman by her responsibility and coöperation in the work of social felicity, man has seen in her a being that awakens in him physical, moral and intellectual affinities, thus dignifying and perfecting the conditions of love.

I think that, having reached this point, you will at least recognize that the political action of woman must exert an incontestable influence upon the future policies of the government, and that, consequently, this duplication of the present citizenry of the nation may not be regarded as a negligible fact, unworthy of arousing the attention of publicists. You who are the presumptive factors in this future and perhaps not remote action can not by any means fail to be interested in the study of it.

I think, besides, that in your very delicate consciousness must continue to vibrate the idea that in the face of this possible emergency of so transcendent an influence upon the progress of the community, there rests upon you a high duty: that of preparing yourselves for the exercise of this public coöperation and of not retarding its advent and of not refusing its employment, since it must be for the benefit of your fellows.

Permit me, however, to say yet another word before concluding; permit me to submit to your cultured consideration a last reflection which, in my judgment, demonstrates the need that you yourselves hasten, solicit and demand with nobility, as soon as possible, this that of right belongs to you.

In addition to the considerations regarding the solution of the social problem, which awaits a useful and efficient coöperation on your part, there is at this moment in Chile another timely reason that counsels your speedy entrance into the field of public interests, and it is the following:

The old Chilean political parties are now passing through a crisis in the development of their tendencies. They sprang from differences in respect of the degree of rigidity with which public liberty should be established in independent Chile, and this explains the origin of their names; but, in reality, none of them any longer aspires, even remotely, to a greater political freedom than that which we possess. Superimposed upon these already realized aspirations, certain political and religious questions have been developed in Chile in an intermittent manner.

These questions find in the heart of men so many pretexts that, in this new age in which social disturbances cause the greatest statesmen of the world to turn their eyes toward religion as the best foundation for the future education of their peoples, we can observe in Chile, in the midst of the geographical and intellectual semi-isolation in which we live, the curious phenomenon that there should still subsist, latent in politics, questions that involve an attack upon the religious idea or organization.

These questions do not develop a sufficient political power among us to constitute governmental majorities, but they do contribute to prevent others from being formed. At the beat of the drum of the old irreligious doctrinairism, there still gather to make parade, in certain provincial regions and in the class-rooms of official instruction, a number of citizens resolved to intimidate with their mere voice the myriads of political liberals who dare to have the courage to assert that the present demands of the country have nothing to do with this mask of indifferentism toward a religion which they respect and even practice in private with a consistency that might well serve as an example to many conservatives. In truth, during the last quarter of a century, no liberal has considered it possible to base his position as a parliamentary majority upon the progress of the so-called doctrinaire idea; but, on the other hand, the suggestive power of this idea has always prevented the creation of a new majority that would thoroughly satisfy the very urgent educational, social and economic requirements of our fellow-citizens.

In this way, the government of the republic, founded upon so contradictory a position, has become a continual rotation of men and political combinations. Ministries are upset at every moment by the invisible strings that pull them, in the midst of a very defective parliamentary régime, and they are reconstituted with enormous difficulty, owing to the conviction of our statesmen that their efforts for the common good will be impotent amid our absurd political conformation.

Well then, in this evolution of our political parties, retarded by the prevalence of the obsolete idea of religious strife, there will devolve upon you, in my opinion, a very important rôle; that of contributing to the removal of the obstacle that retards it.

You have, by nature, particular gifts in this respect, and it is your duty to place them at the service of the Providence who has bestowed them upon you.

While women possess, as a rule, more religious sentiment than men, history does not record that fanaticism has been developed in your sex; but your heart almost always beats to the impulses of love, and rarely to those of hatred. Perhaps your fathers or your sons, your brothers or your husbands, play a part in politics as liberals, and certainly you do not treat them as enemies, nor do you reproach them daily as impious; and even more, I am sure that without discussion or violence you have tacitly agreed with them that if the sons who are dependent upon you are educated

in the colleges of the state, they never lack the kind of religion which, according to certain political programs, ought not to exist; and I am certain that, in case they marry, they will qualify, along with you, as concubinage relations based upon the simple civil inscription which the law has recognized as universally valid.

Very great is the power which your gentleness and your tolerance bestow upon you, and it is this same noble spirit which, transferred to the political field, can give to the Chilean woman, with her influence as a citizen, in every home, in every social organization and in every party to which she may belong, a power to remove definitively from the political arena all struggle over religious ideas.

The few real difficulties that still exist—such as the double rite of matrimony, which has contributed so much to increase the early and very alarming disorganization of the laboring family—could easily be solved by an understanding with the church, like that which has been reached in other countries, that, in respect of education—according to the general verdict of all the sociologists and statesmen of the universe, based upon experience—morality does not become rooted in people by mere formulas of civism, mechanically repeated at school, and that the decalogue is only such for those who know that the finger of a just God traced it upon immutable stone as the fundamental basis of societies.

If through the political action of woman our parties should enter upon a period of genuine tolerance by sincerely respecting the sacred religious sentiments everywhere, and if all the public activity were dedicated, as it is in the principal nations of the world, to stimulating the economic and social progress of citizens, you would have obtained, what would be, for the present, your most notable victory.

The absolute putting aside of the politico-religious questions that were transplanted in Chile fifty years ago and that still subsist latently, thus retarding the *natural evolution of the Chilean parties in directions truly national*, must be of incalculable benefit in the formation of stable governments among us and to our progress as a people.

Women, by participating discreetly in political affairs, can contribute by their spirit of faith, tolerance and respect for the consciences of others, of which they have given evidence in their homes, to an understanding that will remove this obstacle.

How ample and how very interesting is the field of social betterment which will immediately be opened to the activities of our politics!

You will decide, as we reach the end of these reflections, whether I have been right or not in saying to you that this question involves, whatever aspect of it be considered, a great and sacred duty on your part, which it is urgent to fulfil.

Permit me to add, with all the sincerity of my heart, that if you set yourselves, by overcoming every kind of stale prejudice, to demand with nobility the right to work together as citizens in behalf of public progress, with a view to the physical and moral well-being of your fellows, you will have conferred upon your country one of the most distinguished and memorable of services.

THE FREE SPIRIT OF WALT WHITMAN

BY

ARMANDO DONOSO

During the last two decades, an increasing interest has been shown in Walt Whitman by the people of the southern countries of America, and among them he is coming to take rank in the popular esteem beside Poe and Longfellow, of our poets, the two most widely known and most translated. The present article, which may be regarded as typical of the attitude of those who admire Whitman in the south, enables us to do what interests the most of us, that is, to learn how we, symbolized in one of our national figures, impress an intelligent foreigner.—THE EDITOR.

> In my opinion, he is the typical American; the center and source of a new spiritual aspiration, more sensate and virile than any other down to the present.
> —GUIDO BRUNO.

ALMOST unobserved passed the date of the first centenary of the birth of Walt Whitman,[1] that vigorous singer who, with Emerson and Poe, constitutes the most interesting triple esthetic value of the great North American republic. When the echo of all the happy literary Arcadias made excursions possible through the classic gardens of antiquity only, the poet of West Hills summoned his muse:

Come muse, migrate from Greece and Ionia,
Cross out, please, those immense overbearing accounts:
That matter of Troy; Achilles' wrath and Æneas', Odysseus' wanderings;
Placard "Removed" and "To Let"
On the rocks of your snowy Parnassus. . . .
For know, a better, fresher, busier sphere,
A wide, untried domain awaits, demands you.[2]

The product of a new democracy and of a rejuvenated and vigorous people, Walt Whitman hated like no other the *usata poesia* of which the lyric Italian spoke; he was an enemy to all useless affectation, to all eloquent emphasis, to all those who live in the odor of sanctity or verbal purism, concerned only with the grammar and the dictionary; he wished to be, and he was, superabundantly, a free man and a free poet. He wrote:

I like limber, lasting, fierce words. I like them applied to myself and I like them in newspapers, courts, debates, congress. . . . Bad presidents, bad judges, bad clients, bad editors, owners of slaves, and the long ranks of northern political suckers (robbers, traitors, suborned), monopolists, infidels, castrated persons, impotent persons, shaved persons, supplejacks, ecclesiastics, men not fond of women, women not fond of men, cry down the use of strong, cutting, beautiful, rude words. To the manly instinct of the people they will for ever be welcome.[3]

Such was the new poet, the free singer, the renewed man of a nascent civilization; his verse was the word of annunciation, the verbum of liberty and the norm of life. He sang in one of his best poems:

> Camerado,[4] this is no book;
> Who touches this touches a man.[5]

Behold the poet, the doughty coiner of democratic odes, strong and original, defined in a transparent conception of his own, that recalls the words of Pascal. His verses are the expression of what his existence was; for this great Yankee, with the flowing beard and eyes transparently blue, was a patriarch, an apostle, a laic saint of the republican calendar, rather than a poet: in short, a man. His work is not that of the sentimentalist nor of the

[1] May 31, 1919.—Author's note.

[2] *Song of the Exposition: Leaves of Grass*, Boston, Small, Maynard and company, 1897, page 158.—THE EDITOR.

[3] *An American Primer*, Boston, Small, Maynard and company, 1914, pages 21-22.—THE EDITOR.

[4] Whitman, who, in his effort to attain universality, was much given to introducing foreign terms, must have fancied he was using a Spanish word here, as on many other occasions. The Spanish for comrade is *camarada*, however.—THE EDITOR.

[5] *So Long: Leaves of Grass*, Boston, Small, Maynard and company, 1897, page 382.—THE EDITOR.

psychologist nor of the esthetically pure lyricist. Walt Whitman incarnated the personality of a modern evangelist; he was the singer of the democratic consciousness; the poet of the whole and of individuality; the bard in whom—to express it with a Nietzschean idea—blood is changed into spirit.

In his work inhere all the schools and all the aspirations of his race. His life was the eternal exaltation of energy and moral perfection. Like an agile sea-gull, his spirit hovered over the deep, announcing to his country moments of calm and of serenity. Daily he was able to live unquiet, tortured by gigantic aspirations, like the upheaved mountains of the remote far west. Biblical and apostolic, he dreamed ever of the day when humanity was to find the primitive perfection spoken of by the gospel. His transparent heart was always visible to the bottom. His youth was that of the tree that lives with its branches turned toward the heavens, full of nests and of birds, caressing with its roots the fertile bosom of the earth; and while the winds sing among its branches, as upon the chords of a gigantic harp, the roots renew the strength of their life in the bosom of the *alma mater*.

Walt Whitman came of a modest family (his father was a laborer and his mother a brave Netherlander, by religion a Quaker), and he inherited that spiritual strength which is fashioned only in the asperities of life and which leads toward the highest of apostleships. He went to school but a few years; and, the intellectual bent of his early youth once defined, he made his living in the most varied trades: first, he set up as a shopkeeper; then as a type-setter, a curious, restless type-setter, who devoured the originals, hungry for fresh knowledge; afterward, he was a schoolmaster; and later, finally, a writer, and a laborer like his father.

So, throughout the course of his life was fulfilled that ideal of austerity that Emerson besought for strong men, the original enemies of routine and capable of charging headlong upon life. Walt Whitman was one of them: he lived much and very intensely before he composed the verses of his civic bible. Always near the people and always in the midst of nature, silent and humble, his puberty and adolescence had in them something of the larva which, during the night of its cavern, evolves slowly until one day it spreads its butterfly wings. His mature age, tranquil and serene, suggests the pleasant stillness of a pool. With good reason has the Catalán Montoliú said of this period of the poet's life that "his growth was internal, one of introspection and consciousness."

The Quaker religion had strengthened in him the spirit of reflection and had definitely modeled the enormous poet that slept in his brain and in his heart. His spiritual austerity was akin to and the inheritor of those Dutch shepherds who constructed their habitations upon the banks of the Missouri and set out their orchards and milked their flocks upon the free prairies of the American soil. Like them, Walt Whitman cherished the worship of nature, near which he lived always like a son who seeks at every moment the maternal bosom. She was his counselor and his confidant. When he read Homer or Shakespeare, the Bible or the *Divina Commedia*, he sought the secret recesses of the forests, the shores of the lakes, the pregnant stillness of Long Island. He wrote:

> The Iliad I read first thoroughly on the peninsula of Orient, northeast corner of Long Island, in a sheltered hollow of rocks and sand, with the sea on each side.[6]

Here you have a poet's beautiful confession, worthy of one of those rhapsodists who in ancient Greece sought the sonorous solitude of the mountains in order to commune with Pan over the secret of the divine harmony. It is not that this worship was the offspring of a sickly mysticism or of frequent sentimental crises; on the contrary, in Walt Whitman, solitude and nature did nothing more than fortify the consciousness of the artist. In propitious isolation, he found himself, he comprehended himself and became exalted; in him glimmers the cosmos and his cosmos, the ego and the collectivity. Then he wrote what he called his "barbarous howls,"[7]

[6] *A Backward Glance o'er Traveled Roads: ibidem*, page 441.—The Editor.

[7] Literal translation of the Spanish.—The Editor.

the *Song of Myself*, filled with holy exaltation and spiritual self-contemplation: meditations carved upon stones by the rude fashioner of ideas. Let us hear that voice of iron that bursts forth from the rich bosom of the earth:

Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear and sweet is all that is not my soul. . . .
I believe in you, my soul, the other I am must not abase itself to you,
And you must not be abased to the other. . . .
Press close, bare-bosom'd night—press close, magnetic, nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night. . . .
You sea! I resign myself to you also—I guess what you mean. . . .
We must have a turn together; I undress, hurry me out of sight of the land. . . .
I think I could turn and live with animals; they are so placid and self-contain'd;
I stand and look at them long and long.[8]

Always living in the midst of free and productive nature, the poet contemplated and felt her with profound understanding. So his poems to the earth, the sea and the animals translate a quivering emotion. Never was a hymn to life purer and more vigorous than that granitic elegy of his to space and time, deities in whose womb life is measured. Facing the sun, the lyricist traveled with his vision. The trees looked down upon him. The sand set the horizon afire. Behold him there in the midst of the exuberant vegetation: the long blades of the maize and the blue flowers of the flax caress him. Beyond is the mountain, thicketed and wild, where the bat flies torpidly back and forth upon July nights; where the sacred beetle slowly appears from out the darkness; where the brook issues from among the roots of an aged tree and makes off toward the valley. The poet tramps and tramps and tramps. Skirting Long Island, he approaches Manhattan. Yet the country draws him back. As the night falls, he returns homeward; and, now upon his couch, his fantasy exults. Reality, however, at length draws him back to earth. Then he thinks of death, but without disquietude:

Failing to fetch me at first, keep encouraged;
Missing me one place, search another;
I stop somewhere waiting for you.[9]

Such was his serenity.

Walt Whitman lived among the people; he understood the civil life of the city; and he shared its hard hours of labor. Dreams of fortune never disturbed him; he lived with the tranquillity of a laborer and the meekness of an apostle, born to preach the good news of union and concord. "He familiarized himself," remarks Bucke, "with all kinds of occupations, but not by reading commercial reports and statistics, but by observing laborers at work (often they were intimate friends of his) and by passing hours with them. He visited the foundries, the warehouses, the rolling-machines, the slaughter-houses, the markets, the spinneries, the shipyards and marine arsenals, the wharves, the carriage factories and the cabinet-makers' shops; he went to picnics (where only baked clams were eaten), to horse races, auctions, weddings, on boat excursions, in bathing, to baptisms and all kinds of festivities."

Curiosity and his desire to experience life in all its manifestations and in all its spheres often led him to the brook, to the poor cabins of the field-hands and to the wretched working-men's quarters. All that the observer gathered in the objective world the poet within made his own. In the meanwhile, he coined his verses in the fruitful silence of his tranquillity, thus exercising a true apostleship of art. Amid the crude Yankee civilization, Walt Whitman stands out like a new Christ, the pardoner of insults and the exalter of new creeds of love and beauty. The poet sought in the humanity of his dreams a human superiority; he had an intuition of the symbolic man of Emerson and of the superman of Nietzsche. He said:

Thou, thou, the ideal man,
Fair, able, beautiful, content and loving,
Complete in body and dilate in spirit,
Be thou my God.[10]

This superiority of humanity and moral ideal was realized in him; it sprang from his unmistakable spirit—strong, rare,

[8] *Song of Myself: Leaves of Grass*, Boston, Small, Mayuard and company, 1897, page 31.—THE EDITOR.

[9] *Song of Myself: ibidem*, page 79.—THE EDITOR.

[10] *Gods: ibidem*, page 213.—THE EDITOR.

unique. His songs and his life justified it and kept it erect like an obelisk of stone amid the desert pampa. The ideas of the poet were like bulwarks or outposts amid the but slightly propitious field of Yankeeland. He sang:

I will effuse egotism and show it underlying all,
and I will be the bard of personality,
And I will show of male and female that either
is but the equal of the other.

. . . . . .

And I will show that there is no imperfection
in the present, and can be none in the future.[11]

Such was his civism and such his conception of morality. His life was productive of them, and it went forth to others like a wise and lofty example. Kindly and unselfish, he sacrificed himself with pleasure, and his goodness eased the pain of others like a white hand. During the hard months of the civil war of 1862, Walt Whitman nursed the wounded, watched with the dying, encouraged the weak, until a treacherous fever came along, to threaten seriously his life. Nevertheless, this in no way prevented him, when once restored to health, from returning to his apostolic tasks with the unction and conviction of other days.

His life moved freely and tranquilly in the full contemplation of nature. One day his friend Conway went to visit him, and, in spite of the excessive heat, he found him stretched upon his back in the midst of a field, his face turned toward the sun. His habits were simple, almost pastoral; he made one think of those Christian hermits of the Thebaid who renounced all the pleasures of life. In his hours of meditation and work, he devoted himself to pouring out the torrent of his rebellious restlessness in verses quivering with emotion and sincerity. His individualism soared, and when he published the first collection of his *Leaves of Grass*, his compatriots were aghast in the presence of the work of that man, lonely and strong as a column of granite. The critics of the day found the audacities of his poems in Emerson alone. Few were those who understood him; and, on the other hand, many were those who attacked him. However, like the blind shepherd of the fable, he did not heed the noise, and he merely looked at the stars. He was often able to repeat to himself the words of Anna Smith: "Work with faith, and you will have faith." His faith was his shield and buckler. He who exalted the discipline of the will and polished his conscience like a diamond, wished always to be a complete man, strong in his individuality and ductile in the midst of the collectivity, without, indeed, the latter's attacking the judgments of the former:

I seize the descending man and raise him with
resistless will,
O despairer, here is my neck,
By God! you shall not go down! hang your whole
weight upon me.

I dilate you with tremendous breath, I buoy
you up,
Every room of the house do I fill with an arm'd
force,
Lovers of me, bafflers of graves.[12]

The years that Walt Whitman spent in going from hospital to hospital or from camp to camp, during the war of secession, were perhaps his most restless and tortured ones. The imagination of the poet was alert; a martial joy enthralled him; and an apocalyptic hatred armed his lyricism like the point of a lance; and, a new prophet with a new gesture, his holy anger poured itself out like a torrential river between the rocky walls of a gorge. Then he composed *Drum-Taps*, which has the epic accent of a major poem:

EIGHTEEN SIXTY-ONE

Arm'd year—year of the struggle,
No dainty rimes or sentimental love verses for
you, terrible year,
Not you as some pale poetling seated at a desk
lisping cadenzas piano,
But as a strong man erect, clothed with blue
clothes, advancing, carrying a rifle on your
shoulder.[13]

Only the horror of a fratricidal war explains the epic harshness of these verses stamped out like lances. Thus did the poet understand the struggle of that terri-

[11] *Starting from Paumanok: Leaves of Grass*, New York, Doubleday, Page and company, 1917, page 25.—THE EDITOR.

[12] *Song of Myself: Leaves of Grass*, Boston, Small, Maynard and company, 1897, page 60.—THE EDITOR.

[13] *Eighteen Sixty-One: ibidem*, page 221.—THE EDITOR.

ble year that brought to light in him a new Victor Hugo. He felt very nearly the frightfulness of the butchery, and then he was able to discern in those men very wolves disguised as dogs. At times the interjection of his songs goes beyond all lyricisms and all exaltations. The drums roll like unchained thunders, and their roar reëchoes in the verses of the poet, ferreous and luminous. He exclaimed:

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;

. . . . . .

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley, stop for no expostulations,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses;
So strong you; thump, O terrible drums—so loud, you bugles, blow.[14]

Lyric diapason had reached its highest and most sublime vibration. It was now no longer a complaint, but rather a roar of anger, ironic, changed to horror, anathemas and virile beauty. The war was long, and the poet sang it, observed it and cursed it with the thundering voice of a new Ezekiel. All the terribleness that was gathered up by his clear eyes, like two immobile mirrors, his lips were able to give back fused into rude verses:

Look down, fair moon, and bathe this scene;
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods on faces ghastly, swollen, purple;
On the dead, on their backs, with arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.[15]

This picture is beautiful and sad. Only one who had seen it and had been penetrated by its Dantesque horror would have been able to evoke it with such sober and concise pencilings. Walt Whitman who, throughout the whole war, served with the ambulances, nursing the wounded and helping the dying, lived very close to the bitterness of the dumb pangs that vanished with a last look of desperation or a last recollection. A man of pity, with a white soul, suffering passed over him to carve a deep trail in his heart. Let us hear how he evokes the anguish of a poor mother from whom a treacherous bullet had snatched the idolized son of her affections; let us hear this last fragment of a poem written with rackingly bitter tears:

She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
Oh that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.[16]

The poet had a good and aged mother who centered all her hopes on him. When the war broke out, she suffered to the uttermost, foreboding perhaps an unfortunate end for the one for whom she had suffered long hours of watching.

When the war terminated in 1865 and when he was preparing the first edition of his *Drum-Taps*, President Lincoln met his death. Then Walt Whitman wrote his celebrated *Commemoration*, which closed the complete poem like a brooch of gold. Perhaps never, in American poetry, and seldom in European poetry, has the genius of a poet produced a more beautiful, vigorous and epic lyrical tremor of energy, of anguish and of emotion. The verses are like molds of gold in which the poet might have poured the palpitations of his heart:

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.[17]

[14] *Beat! Beat! Drums: ibidem*, page 222.—THE EDITOR.

[15] *Look down Fair Moon: ibidem*, page 250.—THE EDITOR.

[16] *Come up from the Fields, Father: ibidem*, page 237.—THE EDITOR.

[17] *O Captain! My Captain: ibidem*, page 262.—THE EDITOR.

Walt Whitman, lover of democracy, unionist and patriot, poured out the whole torrent of his civic feelings in the presence of the fall of that isolated and magnificent oak.

A few months later, when Walt Whitman was getting ready to publish the first complete volume of his poems, *Leaves of Grass*, an incident occurred to him that is to be considered in the history of his life. He was an employee of the ministry of the interior when it was taken charge of by James Harlan, a former pastor and a failure as a minister, an obscure, fanatical and unyielding man and one whose name is only remembered to-day because of this anecdote, which connects him with the life of Walt Whitman, as a thistledown might rest upon a cluster of roses. An enemy of the poet's denounced his verses to the minister, verses that had no other sin than the very divine one of their rude and revolutionary beauty. Harlan read them, and his impenetrable dullness was startled by that height whose summit his wings could not reach. He quietly ordered the discharge of Walt Whitman. A few days afterward, Whitman's friends secured for him a position that improved his situation. Let a place in this reminiscence be kept for the name of good O'Connor, his defender and paladin, a white hand and an open heart that on a hundred occasions were for the poet a support and a generous voice of encouragement.

In 1873, Walt Whitman suffered the first stroke of paralysis, which was so soon to undermine his health. There then began in him a painful physical decline, which was shortly to hasten the death of his dear, idolized mother. Weakened and sadly unstrung, thus the poet was now an invalid. The crises followed one another. His nervous system became more and more upset each day. Time passed, and then he who formerly might have run like a deer along the river banks; he who in other days challenged the sun and went about with his chest exposed; he who made his way in and out among the bivouacs succoring the wounded, was now a poor mass of diseased flesh, of palpitating flesh, of sad flesh. His white hands trembled over the sheets of paper; the clear luster of his deep blue eyes was clouded; and of that gaze, formerly firm and serene, there remained then only a faltering gleam and the moist eyes of holy resignation. A wheelchair trundled him about in search of a ray of sunshine and a little verdure on fair days. Poor poet! What angry god set himself to avenge upon him some sin of those of his species? Nevertheless, the disease that had wrought him all that ruin did not vanquish him entirely. He wrote to a friend in 1882:

> May 31, 1882.—From this day I enter upon my sixty-fourth year. The paralysis that first affected me nearly ten years ago, has since remain'd, with varying course—seems to have settled quietly down, and will probably continue. I easily tire, am very clumsy, can not walk far; but my spirits are first-rate.[18]

His body was wont to recover at times somewhat of its old energy. He left his house and his chair to take an occasional walk. Illness, however, like an obstinate and cruel hydra, ever pursued him. At that moment of his life he could have repeated to himself his *Prayer of Columbus:*

> My hand, my limbs, grow nerveless,
> My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd.[19]

There now remained to him but scant energies. Only on an occasional afternoon would he write a little poem. Like a pilgrim, he went his way pouring out the burden of his own heart at times. His friends, who witnessed disconsolately this slow death of the poet, gave him a little wagon drawn by a horse. The streets of Camden daily beheld him wandering about, very early in the morning, like a poor, sick, tremulous, suffering child. At times the children would approach the poet and cover him with flowers. He would smile, and his pale hand, white as the wing of a dove, blessed them. One day, after much driving around, his tired horse stopped. As the road invited to repose and the blessed shade of a tree promised hours of pleasant freshness, the poet and the steed slept by the wayside. Later,

[18] *Specimen Days: Complete Prose*, New York, Doubleday, Page and company, 1914, page 190.—THE EDITOR.

[19] *Prayer of Columbus: Leaves of Grass*, Boston, Small, Maynard and company, 1897, page 323.—THE EDITOR.

now very late, a group of countrymen surprised Walt Whitman, and, in a merry and compassionate throng, they conducted him to Camden. So it was they loved him, took care of him, venerated him.

The cold of a day in May brought on nervous attacks. After frightful suffering, he succeeded in recovering his lost strength somewhat. Four months before his death, and with an exemplary serenity, he wrote, in a note prefatory to the collection of his short poems, *Good-bye, My Fancy:*

"

In fact, here I am these current years 1890 and '91; (each successive fortnight getting stiffer and stuck deeper) much like some hard-cased, dilapidated, grim, ancient shell-fish or time-bang'd conch (no legs, utterly non-locomotive), cast up high and dry on the shore-sands, helpless to move anywhere.[20]

In the presence of the vast immensities—the sea, pain and death—the spirit is wont to receive supreme glimmers; it is like the eagle that, in its last agony, still tries to beat its wings in order to die in infinite space.[21]

Thus it turned out with this great, noble and good old man. His last songs—the poems of *Good-bye, My Fancy*—were perhaps the most stirring that issued from his pen. Upon the very threshold of death, the great singer lifted his wings in a final effort. His eager eyes discerned, beyond the tomb, the eternal prolongation of life, as he says:

"

Behind a good-bye there lurks much of the salutation of another beginning—to me, development, continuity, immortality, transformation, are the chiefest life-meanings of nature and humanity, and are the *sine qua non* of all facts and each fact.[22]

Later still, then very near death, when his faculties as a lyricist seemed to have become refined to transparency, he sang for the last time:

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower, fainter ticking of the clock is in me;
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.[23]

About the middle of December, 1891, a bronchial pneumonia completed the exhaustion of the slight strength preserved by his weakened organism. Still another three months passed, during which the Dantesque suffering of the tremendous agony of the poet was prolonged. Horrible quakings attacked his aged body, as a furious gust scourges the isolated shrub; nervous shivers shattered his exhausted nerves; and frightful pains fixed in his transparently blue eyes and upon his pallid lips the drawn grimace of anguish. Nevertheless, Walt Whitman's stoicism continued untouched and virile, and never a flitting complaint disturbed the serenity of his pain, until, on March 26, 1893, along with the last gloaming of a tranquil twilight, he fell asleep for ever like a sick bird.

Thus died that grand, fiery old man, with the blue eyes of childhood, a hard soul and a dreamy spirit.

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[20] *Preface Note to Second Annex: ibidem,* page 407.—THE EDITOR.

[21] Translated back from the Spanish, as the original of the passage was not located.—THE EDITOR.

[22] Note on *Good-bye, My Fancy: Leaves of Grass,* Boston, Small, Maynard and company, 1897, page 409.—THE EDITOR.

[23] *Good-bye, My Fancy: ibidem,* page 422.—THE EDITOR.

PAN AMERICANISM FROM A CENTRAL AMERICAN STANDPOINT

BY

RAFAEL URTECHO

Two articles by the same author have been brought together to complete the discussion that follows. The author attributes the germ of Pan Americanism to the Venezuelan Bolívar and the Central American del Valle, and he shows how it has been developed with the passing of the years and the intensification of interests. He wisely recognizes the actual benefits which have inhered in it and the dangerous implications which it involves and which have aroused the suspicion and hostility of the weaker nations of America. Finally, he offers wholesome suggestions as to how the people of the United States may strengthen the ties that unite them with the other American countries, and the disregard of which would nullify our assertions of interest in the doctrine and all our efforts in behalf of interamerican conciliation and coöperation.—THE EDITOR.

PAN AMERICANISM

MACAULAY said that as the dawn shines first upon the lofty summits, to descend later into the valleys, so truth, held at the beginning by some bold thinker, becomes the opinion of a small minority, of another more numerous one in time, and later the creed of the majority of mankind. So it was that the idea of Pan Americanism germinated first in the luminous brains of Bolívar and Alberdi (Argentine), although they presented and described it in an incomplete manner.

It was José Cecilio del Valle, an eminent Central American patriot, who with an eagle's glance envisaged as a whole the idea of the solidarity of all the nations of the New World that, whether of Hispanic or of Saxon origin, are united by certain bonds of origin and common interest: a solidarity designed to maintain their independence and autonomy, and to assure peace, freedom and progress.

America, in his opinion, is the natural counterpoise to Europe: there, thrones, the despotism of kings; here, a government of democracy, of the people, by the people and for the people.

With the powerful light of his genius, he evoked the future of the New World, which arose to establish the equilibrium of the Old World.

O sublime Valle! The seed of truth and life which thou didst sow throughout the ages has now germinated. In an hour of lofty inspiration, thy brilliant pen traced with immortal characters the future destiny of the new continent, and thy doctrine is the one proclaimed by America's representative men!

Since so much of this transcendent doctrine is due to Central America, we shall see what it means as soon as we shall have studied briefly its origin.

What is Pan Americanism? It is, in the language of Wilson, Lansing and Barrett,

> an understanding between the free peoples of the American continent with a view to guaranteeing their absolute independence, as well as their absolute territorial integrity, and to mutual coöperation to secure peace and promote the culture and progress of these countries?

As this doctrine appears in the form enunciated, it could not be more inoffensive or more wholesome in its tendencies, and America ought to accept it for her own good and for her own salvation. It is only when it is translated into acts, into manifestations that vitiate the intrinsic excellence of the doctrine, that these peoples justly suspect, doubt and hesitate. There is therefore an urgent need that powerful nations should not in any way attack the fundamental basis of the doctrine and that the weak countries, conscious of the great benefits to be derived from continental solidarity, should work together with all loyalty and earnestness to uphold it.

It has been said by some that Pan Americanism consists in that sentiment of solidarity which ought to exist solely between nations of the same race, and which

would be expressed by the term Pan Hispanism; but inasmuch as the latter is a sentiment, a memory, a devotion to Spain and to everything of Spanish origin, rather than anything else, it does not argue the existence of any incompatibility between the two ideas. On the contrary, Pan Hispanism, as Doctor Porras has said, will serve as a counterpoise to prevent the absorption and annihilation of the absorbent elements themselves. The two doctrines can therefore be perfectly coexistent. Nothing hinders the Hispano-American countries from preserving throughout the vicissitudes of time the distinctive characteristics that are peculiar to them: their own customs, their language, their religion, all that constitutes their particular type of civilization.

Devotion then to these ideals in no way weakens the efficacy of the Pan American doctrine, for this devotion is a sublime abstraction, like love for one's country. It does not imply any plan, any alliance or political league, which is the basic principle of Pan Americanism.

This doctrine is a defensive bulwark for the weak nations of Spanish America. If ever, by misfortune, in the hazards of fate, this bulwark should fall tottering to the earth, these countries would become the spoils of the European or Asiatic nations.

Our own existence is bound up intimately with that of the great North American nation. We need from her the protection that her power and authority mean to America; she needs from us that we coöperate in the common defence with loyalty and good will. We constitute vulnerable points upon the continent whereby the North American nation can be attacked in her vital interests. All that makes for weakness or for strength in us does the same for her; and therefore the United States is anxious that we bid farewell to our disorderly political life, to the proverbial administrative jumble in which we have lived, and that we make of ourselves entities worthy of respect.

It is difficult to estimate the scope and importance of this doctrine, but we consider it the death or life of America and her institutions. May it be that, when the day comes in which the United States will have to fight to uphold it, she may find all the nations of this continent united in a single thought, in a single heart, in a single purpose: that of preserving the integrity of America and her democratic principles by standing by the motto: "America for the Americans."

Our great national poet Rubén Darío has already given expression to it in the following striking verses:

No; let not hatred discharge its arrow;
Bear to the altars of peace, honey and roses.
Peace to stupendous America! Peace in the name of God;
And as here is the center of a new culture
That spreads its principles from the north to the south,
Let us build a living union that unfurls the new devise:
The Star Spangled Banner with its red, white and blue[1]

II

WHAT OUGHT TO BE THE NORTH AMERICAN VIEW OF PAN AMERICANISM?

Inasmuch as the ties of the United States with the American states are of a permanent and not a transitory or accidental interest, as are those that unite her with the nations of Europe, it may well be said that one of the advantages—the greatest of them, perhaps—which the United States has secured through the war that has just concluded, and in which she took so important a part, is to be found in the new attitude of the Latin-American peoples, in whom has been awakened a sentiment of admiration for and sympathy with the United States: a sentiment that was greatly needed to give life and strength to the Pan American doctrine.

Reciprocal prejudices growing out of a lack of understanding between the two peoples—their languages, their customs, their character and their virtues—caused the nations of the New World to regard

[1] No; no dejéis al odio que dispare su flecha,
Llevad a los altares de la paz miel y rosas.
¡Paz a la inmensa América! ¡Paz en nombre de Dios!
Y pues aquí está el foco de una cultura nueva
Que sus principios lleva desde el norte hasta el sur,
Hagamos la unión viva que el nuevo triunfo lleva;
The Star Spangled Banner con su blanco y azul.

each other with suspicion and distrust; and so, in the hour of the great universal conflict, the Hispanic nations adopted divergent courses and thus revealed to the world a want of efficacy in the Pan American doctrine, destined, however, to prevail and to be adopted as the natural orientation of these countries in their desire for progress and well-being.

Fortunately, by the course of events, the veil that covered our eyes has now fallen, and we are enabled to see in the great collective soul of the North American nation a vivid flash of noble and generous ideals: that not always are her purposes materialistic and sordid; that it is not—as has been believed—an oligarchy of capital or, rather, a plutocracy, prouder, perhaps, than an aristocracy of blood, that dominates her counsels, but her loftiest intelligences and the rectitude and moral superiority of her great men, always at strife with the high-handed and absorptive tendencies of capital.

It is now highly important that the prejudices which the United States may entertain regarding these countries should disappear; and to this end it is necessary that she know us better and become convinced that in the depth of the Hispanic mind and soul there exists the germ of all greatness and all superiority—this germ only needing proper cultivation for its development; that, at all events, we are the descendants of that heroic race which at one time held the empire of the seas and of the land: a valiant, proud, haughty race, full of gravity and a very highly developed sense of honor; for, although in the melting-pot of the American race we mingled, unfortunately with inferior races, there always remained in the blood the germs of the primitive race.

It is necessary that the United States know our language, our history, our literature, and, above all, that the North American people, in contact with ours, try to show more tolerance and more adaptability in respect of our customs and social environment.

The North American nation is suspected and feared as a political power, because of her imperialistic tendencies and her interference in the affairs of the internal life of our countries; but even recognizing the fact that these tendencies have existed and that such interferences have occurred, it is also to be admitted that the procedure of the United States is based upon a principle of national right, an historic right, as it might be called, and of which all the nations of the world have made use when the occasion has arisen, or to which they have lent their express or their tacit consent; and it is that of a nation's right to intervene in the internal affairs of other nations when the former sees her security threatened or her essential interests affected.

Let not our nations of the south offer grounds or pretexts, by their disorganized existence and continuous revolutions; let them lead an existence subject to the dictates of right, of justice and of progress; and the danger of imperialism will have vanished wholly.

The United States must coöperate for her own good in perfecting democratic rule in these countries, and she must help them to change into genuine republics and to reform their system of education. In short, she must give, out of the abundance of all those fine gifts with which Providence has favored her.

In conclusion, the Pan American idea ought to be one of positive coöperation, one prompted by good will for the advancement of these nations, in order that, thus regenerated, they may become important factors in the scheme of the solidarity and defence of the continent.

Between the United States and these countries there is lacking, it is true, a tie, the tie of blood. Let this tie be supplied by the bond of democracy, the protective numen of this America of mysterious origin and splendid future. Through it, through democracy, we shall be strong; through it we shall be great, and we shall fulfil our providential mission, which is to mark out for humanity a new path, and to show it a new light that shall guide it and save it from the despotism of kings and emperors and from the brutal socialism that is to-day rending its vitals.

MARTI'S IDEAS UPON EDUCATION

BY

ANTONIO IRAIZOZ

The name of José Martí is familiar to those who watched the course of the Cuban struggle for independence as that of a tireless, distinguished and ill-fated patriot; those who are acquainted with Cuban literature know him as a man of letters; few of us, however, have thought of him seriously as an educator and as a developer and expounder of the principles of popular education. Hence the author of this article does us a distinct service in disentangling and emphasizing Martí's ideas upon education—which were not presented systematically—and his enthusiasms, which glowed both in his being and his fiery speeches, and which still animate his published works. Martí said little that is not worthy of serious consideration, and many of his most characteristic thoughts are presented here.—THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION

FRA ANGELICO felt, in his mystical religious fervor, that in order to paint the most holy Virgin it was necessary for him to be upon his knees; and he bequeathed to posterity a beautiful specimen of what could be produced by a profoundly felt admiration. All of us who admire with such intensity, although with a less useless prostration, the stupendous labor, the colossal and magnificent work of that glory of American thought, that illustrious patriot, who bore the name of José Martí; all of us who encounter, at every step through his extremely varied literary production and the events of his brilliant and unfortunate life, gleams of his immortal genius, deem it unnecessary that our bodies should assume this or that posture in speaking of him; but rather that our souls should be uplifted, filled with love and goodness, as his soul was always uplifted, on the manifold occasions in which his speech or his pen discoursed to the children of this continent upon the lofty conduct of those who knew how to honor our country and our race.

There still remain many but slightly known aspects to be commented upon in respect of José Martí. History has succeeded in gathering from this Cuban—tireless in the struggle for the freedom and independence of his native land, the revolutionary agitator against the Hispanic mother-country, the eloquent republican whose struggle was a very apostleship of redemption—the most secret passages of his life and his thrilling exhortations to an enslaved people to dignity. Literature, through the mouth of his eminent critics, proclaims the excellences of the prolific writer, the interesting journalist, the novelist and the dramatist, who embraced and cultivated all varieties. Poets weep still over the tragic fall of that rare and exceptional brother who produced *Versos sencillos* (Simple Verses), as well as *Montes de espuma* (Mountains of Foam): verses as brief and sincere as the

> Stoutness of the steel from which is forged the saber.

Martí's work is a crystal that possesses iridescence in every light. Well turned pens have delighted to emphasize what he signifies as a statesman, a patriot, an orator, a man of letters, a journalist, a poet and an apostle of the new country for which he cherished the most tender affection, the most delicate sentiments and the most beautiful ideas. Let it be indulgently granted then to the student of to-day—who desires to pay homage to his memory and to make of this thoughts a beacon that shall dissipate every shadow—to present an analysis of the pedagogical doctrines which, without going so far as to systematize them, Martí sketched out in his vast production, in order that he may be known also under the facets of another prism, thus to complete his personality; inasmuch as, whether it be the most important or not, it can not fail to be interesting, treating, as it does, of such a one, and because it points out another glorious activity of that great man.

A master of civism at every moment; a mentor of the collectivity that seemed to be losing itself on the highways of ignominy without being able to find the path of honor;

a teacher of youth in the schools of Venezuela and Guatemala; a lover of children, like the Jew of Galilee; skilled in the knowledge of the infantile mind and always prodigal in bestowing upon it moments of solace, because he knew how to reach children before children came to him; jealous of the reputation of the teacher, and the constant and untiring proclaimer of the need for popular education as the surest means of securing the development and progress of nations: why should not his pedagogical purposes, his ideas upon the school, be collected and arranged, as another tribute to his glory—because in a tone seldom heard—to increase even more, if possible, the memory of that immense, kindly heart, that will of a rock-like firmness, that varied and complex intellect?

He who said, "The service of the teacher ought to be compulsory, like that of the soldier;" he who saw in the children "the hope of the world;" he who wrote this aphorism: "Education begins with life and it is not completed until death;" he who directed *La Edad de Oro,* is well worthy to be studied in the more tranquil of the modern currents of education.

Martí was the lofty exponent, the splendid incarnation of the aspirations and sentiments of the Cuban collectivity. His dreams ought to find confirmation in reality. By being faithful to his counsels and loyal to his memory in following the path of light which he traced is the way in which the republic will succeed in becoming just and perfect.

MARTÍ THE TEACHER

Americo Lugo complained that there existed no true biography of Martí; and he considered that it was a species of ingratitude on the part of the Cubans that such an omission should ruefully have to be noted. This deficiency is not going to vanish—and it is not our purpose to make it do so, nor is it in harmony with the ends that we pursue—with the brief biographical data which we present regarding José Martí, and which relate exclusively to his work as a public teacher and professor.

Fermín Valdés Domínguez, in his *Ofrenda de hermano* (A Brother's Offering), relates that when Martí was deported to the capital of Spain, about the year 1871,

> he lived in a garret and earned his daily bread by means of certain classes that he taught at the home of don Leandro Álvarez Torrijos and that of the widow of the Spanish general Ravenet.

This is the first occasion on which the apostle appears before us in the exercise of the ministry of teaching.

A little later, the Harmony lodge of Masons, presided over by General Pierrat, and in which José Martí held the office of orator, founded a college for poor boys, of which don Amelio del Luis y Vela de los Reyes—deported for treason—was the director. Many of the brethren visited that school at night. Martí did so frequently. He spoke to the boys with all the affection of his soul and he left them dainties and books. The señor Sagasta—of painful memory—ordered the closing of the lodge and its night school.

After a journey through France and England, Martí reached México in 1874; and in that republic he played a part as lawyer, journalist, dramatic author, poet and orator. Although in certain biographical sketches it has been said that Martí occupied a professorship in the republic of Anáhuac, in an interview which we held with his respected widow—the señora Carmen Zayas Bazán—she denied the incident, assuring us that her beloved companion had no other resources with which to maintain himself in that country than the income produced by his ceaseless and very brilliant writings for the press.

In 1877, he reached the capital of the republic of Guatemala. The illustrious Cuban teacher, don José María Izaguirre has described with charming simplicity our hero's situation in that republic of Central America: how he presented himself to ask work of him as the director of the Escuela Normal de Guatemala; how he occupied the chair of history of philosophy and that of European literature; what lively admiration and just fame he acquired when his oratorical gifts became known; and what a sad epilogue resulted from the perfectly chaste love awakened—but not requited—by Martí's winning personality in the daughter of General Miguel García Granados: that

Niña de Guatemala (Girl of Guatemala), "The one who died of love," as he said in verses overflowing with tenderness and delicacy.

It was in Guatemala, in that same institution of don José María Izaguirre's, that Martí afforded a proud example of companionship and dignity. President Barrios, turned against the señor Izaguirre by envious and contemptible people, decreed his removal. It was an act of injustice, and Martí, in token of protest and of loyalty to his wronged countryman, also resigned his position in the college, without giving thought to the fact that by this means he would be deprived of his only pecuniary resource. In spite of the remonstrances which he received, his resolution remained unalterable. "I shall resign," he said, "although my wife and I die of hunger. I prefer this to making myself an accomplice in an act of injustice."

He traveled in Venezuela later, in his ceaseless patriotic pilgrimage. He did not remain long in Caracas, but he left there a luminous wake. In one of the halls of the college of Doctor Guillermo Tell y Villegas, he occupied, at the request of the young men, the chair of oratory, having as his students Luis López Mendes, José Gil Fortoul, Gonzalo Picón Febres and others. He contributed to *La Opinión Nacional* and he edited the *Revista Venezolana*, of which appeared only two numbers. He had just published his estimate of Cecilio Acosta, when he returned suddenly, on July 28, 1881, to the United States.

"It is curious to see," said Americo Lugo in *Flor y lava*, "how contradictorily Juvenal Anzola and Nicanor Bolet Peraza judge of the period in which Martí reached Venezuela." Anzola says: "they were days of enthusiasm devoted to the honoring of heroes and to the narration of virtues;" while Bolet Peraza exclaimed: "the period of his journey to Venezuela was too adverse to enable him to push his propaganda with dignity and illumination."

We recall also that, while residing in New York and Brooklyn, accompanied by his wife and son, he added to his manifold intellectual tasks, at night, without being overcome by weariness, classes composed of laborers, principally Cuban *émigrés*, without financial remuneration of any kind whatsoever.

He liked the ministry of teaching! He did justice to his profession when he affirmed roundly:

> to learn how to teach is the most beautiful and wonderful thing in the world.

What was notable and extraordinary in José Martí, however, was not that he was at times a preceptor in a primary school or a teacher of youth, but that his whole life and all his work constituted a burning apostleship, an energetic labor of education, by means of an immediate action upon the multitudes he fascinated and the men who surrounded him, his thought always being fixed upon and his will always addressed to his patriotic desires. José Martí was a continuer of the host of Cuban educators. After Luz y Caballero, the Guiterases, Saco and Rafael María de Mendive, came José Martí, to complete the wise and noble undertaking which they began, by tempering souls for life; by forming conscious citizens out of drowsy colonists; by preaching republican virtues in order to combat the vices of the mother-country; and by dignifying the collective spirit of his times with love for liberty, the practice of justice and respect for democracy. In exile—both in the intimacy of the expatriate's home and beside the table of the tobacconist in his shop; both at the meeting of the club and in the public gathering, with voice elevated, or quietly, in a low voice, with discretion and in the ear of those whom he needed for his cause—thus it was that Martí carried on his transcendent plans of education, with marked success, because he possessed the teacher's first good quality: the power of suggestion.

In recalling all the moments of that privileged life—which was not useless at any time—the spirit is rejoiced when the poet, robust and original, draws from the plectrum infinite tendernesses. The heart beats with intense feeling while following the trail of the pilgrim in his travels here and there throughout the continent, in search of the coöperation of friendly hands with which to complete the work of emancipation. It is said that the multitudes who heard the orator's words rose with en-

thusiasm before that prodigious torrent which, descending from the platform with the spell of his voice and his look, caused bosoms to swell, hands to applaud frantically and tears of sorrow to flow in behalf of the country that suffered in ignominy and opprobrium. Strong as an athlete of the old circus was the thinker; sublime as though he had stepped forth from an epic was this gigantic leader, upon the melancholy day of May when, changed into a romantic warrior—resolute but inexpert—he hurled himself in a furious charge upon the enemies of his land, received a bullet in his forehead, as if it were the kiss of consecration, and, like a good man, died with his face to the sun. Admirable was the poet, beautiful the pilgrim, stirring the orator, profound the man of thought, sublime the warrior; but as astonishing as in all this, as great in his moral intensity, was the teacher. Untiring struggler, who didst not shrink, however hard the task, from sharing thy spiritual bread with the ignorant; lofty mind, that didst stoop to reach the child and the laborer; grandiose light of thy spirit that was to dissipate the shadow from the brain of the stripling and of the working man; Martí, master, thou surpassest thine own greatness!

LA EDAD DE ORO

José Martí made up for the children of America a beautiful review with a beautiful title: *La Edad de Oro* (The Age of Gold). In 1889, a generous friend of the master's, the señor A. da Costa Gómez, the publisher of the review, carried out this happy enterprise. Thus was printed for posterity this charming expression of the valiant and restless spirit of the apostle of Cuban redemption. Unfortunately the publication only reached four numbers, and the affection of Gonzalo de Quesada was to collect them in volume V of Martí's works, published in Rome when the first decade of the tragic event of Dos Ríos[1] was commemorated. Regarding this periodical sheet, the most beautiful note of the Castilian press—*unique*, in the judgment of Rubén Darío—an illustrious South American writer said that it is a monument of wisdom and love, in which Martí's powerful mind is a sun that gives off its refulgent rays and disseminates itself in particles of soft light upon the adorable heads of the children.

Now what did Martí propose to do with his monthly?

Let us give heed to his own words:

La Edad de Oro seeks to put into the hands of the American child a book that will occupy and gladden him, teach without wearying him, recount to him in picturesque outline the past and the present, stimulate him to employ equally his mental and his physical faculties and to exalt sentiment rather than sentimentality, to replace the sickly and rhetorical poetry that is still in vogue by that other wholesome and useful poetry which springs from a knowledge of the world, to study preferably the laws, agents and history of the earth wherein he is to work for the glory of his name and the requirements of his maintenance. Each number will contain, in readings that will interest like a story, articles that are to be true résumés of science, the industries, the arts, history and literature, together with accounts of travel, biographies, descriptions of games and customs, fables and verses. The themes chosen will always be such that, however much teaching they convey in themselves, shall not seem to be conveying it nor alarm the reader of slight age with learned titles or pretentious language.

This man of *La Edad de Oro* was my friend! It was to this that Martí aspired; and in *La Edad de Oro* he poured out all the tenderness of his soul and all the exquisiteness of his choice spirit.

To make clear how he regarded the period of life in which every man is a promise and every woman a dream of love; to learn what were the duties he assigned to the gentlemen and the mothers of the future, while holding mutual relations of respect and affection between the two sexes, from early years, to be proper, he announced, in the first paragraph of *La Edad de Oro:*

This journal is for boys, and for the girls, of course. Without the girls one can not live, just as the earth can not live without light. A boy must work, walk, study, be strong, be beautiful; a boy can make himself handsome, although he be ugly; a good, intelligent, neat boy is always handsome; but a boy is never

[1] The name of the battle-field where he fell fighting in 1895.—THE EDITOR.

more beautiful than when he carries in his little hands of a strong man a flower for his girl friend, or than when he is leading his sister by the hand, in order that no one may offend her. A boy grows then and seems to be a giant; a boy is born to be a gentleman, and a girl is born to be a mother. This review is published in order to chat once a month, like good friends, with the gentlemen of to-morrow and the mothers of to-morrow; to relate to the girls beautiful stories with which they can entertain their visitors and play with their dolls; and to tell the boys what they ought to know in order to be real men. All that they may wish to know we are going to tell them, and—that they may understand it well—in clear words and with good illustrations. We are going to tell them how the world was made, and we are going to tell all that men have done up to the present time.

The girls ought to know, the same as boys, in order to be able to talk with them as friends when they grow up; it is too bad that a man should have to go outside of his house in search of some one with whom to talk because the women of his house do not know how to converse about anything but diversions and fashions.

Two definite purposes are to be observed by a simple study of this review: Martí desired to inculcate in childish breasts sentiments of dignity and honor—public and private—civic and moral requirements and a diaphanous and luminous tendency to awaken admiration for the great men of the continent; and, in passing, to draw closer the relation between the children of America, with the same sincerity with which he strove to unite with inviolable bonds the Latin republics of the New World.

Phrases of his, scattered through the different articles, will prove the first assertion:

A boy, from the time when he can think, ought to think about everything he sees, ought to suffer over all those who can not live with honor, ought to work in order that all men may be honored, ought to be an honorable man.

A boy who does not think of what is taking place around him, and is content to live without knowing that he is living honorably, is like a man who lives by the work of a scoundrel and is in the way of becoming a scoundrel.

Boys ought to come together at least once a week, in order to learn how they may be able to do a good turn, all together.

A man who hides what he thinks, or who dares not say what he thinks, is not an honorable man.

A man who is content to obey unjust laws, and who permits men who misuse the country he was born to tread, is not an honorable man.

There are men who are worse than beasts, for beasts must be free in order to be happy; the elephant does not like to bear young when it lives in captivity; the llama of Perú throws itself upon the ground and dies when the Indian speaks to it harshly or puts upon it a heavier pack than it can bear. A man ought to be at least as decent as an elephant or a llama.

There are men who live content although they live without decency. There are others who suffer something like agony when they see that the men around them live without decency.

In the world there ought to be a certain amount of decency, as there ought to be a certain amount of light.

There appeared in *La Edad de Oro* prose without gewgaws (pompous words are unnecessary in speaking of sublime men), manly prose regarding Bolívar, the priest Hidalgo, San Martín and Father Las Casas; stories of magic, instructive articles upon Indian ruins; a history of man's habitations; a journey through the land of the Annamese; and an interesting account of the Paris exposition of 1889, in which he took pleasure in telling the children of America how the republics of America were represented at the exposition. "*La Edad de Oro* is filled with regret," he said on the last page of the third number, "and it is because it could not find a cut of the flag of Ecuador. The table is sad when one of the sisters is missing."

As he who was writing for the children was a poet, the children had the immense satisfaction of reading before any one else two tender compositions, which are now recited by heart and which will always be the pride of Martí's plectrum. We refer to *Los zapaticos de rosa* (Little Rosy Two-Shoes) and to *Los dos príncipes* (The Two Princes). Pilar, the girl with the hat of feathers treads the aristocratic beach,

> There she goes, where, far away,
> The salty waters are breaking,
> The poor their baths are taking,
> And the old rest every day[2]

[2] Se va allá, donde, ¡muy lejos!
¡ Las aguas son más salobres,
Donde se sientan los pobres,
Donde se sientan los viejos!

When he puts shoes on the feet of the sick child who is crying in a dark room, we are as deeply moved as we are by the death of the shepherd's son: they are two harmonies of the same note; they are two expressions of the same sentiment; they are two sadnesses that draw forth the same moan. Blessed are the poets that know how thus to stir children!

In *La Edad de Oro*, Martí's genius sought to feign stammerings; his ductile pen strove to descend gracefully in order to make itself pleasing and intelligible to childhood; but as genius is ever the same, the simplicity of the phraseology did not prevent the thought from possessing always the wings of the condor and flying along the summits.

GENERAL IDEA OF EDUCATION

"The light that is the most useful for a nation is not that which is discovered, but that which is diffused:" in this phrase, Martí was able to synthesize the indisputable need of popular instruction, as well as that the mean level of public culture should be raised. A great man among the ignorant only benefits himself: "the means of education ought not to be accumulated in the skies, but they ought to descend, like the rain, to water the fields."

In order to sum up his general conception regarding education, particularly among democratic collectivities, we are going to offer some of his ideas, selected from the wealth of his production as a journalist and sociologist, since no other method of ours would better define the aspects of this interesting question, according to his manner of thinking and feeling:

> Of all the problems that to-day are deemed cardinal, only one is cardinal; and it is so tremendous that all time and all zeal were too slight to solve it: the ignorance of the classes that have justice on their side.
>
> By education has been understood merely instruction, and by the diffusion of culture, the imperfectness and dry teaching of methods of reading and writing.
>
> The human mind, artistic and aristocratic in itself, rejects in the long run and without great delay, as soon as it becomes cultivated, every reform that contains brutal or unjust elements.
>
> Education softens more than prosperity: not that merely formal education of a little literature, a good number of digits and a bounding of lands, which is given in schools only too celebrated and that are, in truth, sterile; but that other saner and more fruitful education, hardly attempted by men, which reveals to them the secrets of their passions, the elements of their ills, the necessary relation of the means that are to cure them in time and the traditional nature of the pains they suffer, the negative and reactionary work of anger, the sure and irresistible work of a patient intelligence.

As may be seen, Martí had an advanced conception of education. Education must be none other than a directed activity of the pupil, if we accept the definition of Doctor Aguayo: "the guidance or direction of development and adaptation to the environment, in harmony with certain values and ideals." It will be easy then to observe the preference that Martí gave to ideal values, principally the normative and social ones of justice, coöperation, progress and patriotism, and afterward, the practical ones that contribute to the well-being of the community.

If Martí had systematized his thoughts and his counsels upon the education of childhood, the patriotic tendency would have been remarkably prominent. As the history of education offers us scholarly bases and systems in which the religious idea is the principal and, at times, the exclusive one, so in Martí's pedagogy it ought to be observed that the idea of the patria was nobly developed. It could not be otherwise in one who in a sincere and masterly flight set forth the following exemplary standard of decorum:

> If one has a country, let him honor her; and if he has none—let him win one!

In a profound and eloquent study upon Pérez Bonalde's *El poema del Niágara*, he gave utterance to an original and bold intuition upon the educative influence of society upon the individual. He said:

> Man, when he is just entering upon the enjoyment of reason, which from his cradle they becloud for him, must unmake himself in order truly to get at himself. It is an herculean effort, against the obstacles raised in his path by his own nature and those accumulated by the conventional ideas upon which, in a baleful hour and by impious counsel and culpable arrogance, he is nourished. There is no more diffi-

cult task than this one of distinguishing in our existence between the clinging and later acquired life and the prenatal and spontaneous life: that which comes with a man, from that which is added to him by those who have gone before him with their lessons, legacies and ordinances. Under pretext of completing the human being they interfere with him. He is no sooner born than the philosphies, the religions, the passions of his parents and political systems are already standing near his cradle with large, strong bandages waiting in their hands. They bind him and weary him; and then the man is throughout his whole life upon the earth, a bridled horse. Thus it is that the earth is now a vast dwelling-place of maskers. We enter life like wax, and chance casts us into ready-made molds. Established conventions deform the true existence, and the true life comes to be like a silent current that steals along invisibly beneath the apparent life, sometimes not felt by the very one in whom it comes to do its holy work, in the same way that the mysterious Guadiana runs a long way silently beneath the lands of Andalucía. To assure the freedom of the human soul; to leave to minds their own seductive form; not to tarnish virgin natures by the imposition of the prejudices of others; to put them in a position to take for themselves what is useful, without muddling them or forcing them along a marked already traced path: here you have the only way to populate the earth with the vigorous and creative generation which it requires! Redemptions have been theoretical and formal; it is necessary that they be real and essential. Neither is future literary originality possible, nor does political freedom subsist until spiritual freedom shall be secured. A man's first labor is to reconquer himself. It is urgent to return men to themselves; it is urgent to remove them from the evil dominance of the convention that chokes or poisons their sentiments, hastens the awakening of their senses and overloads their intelligence with pernicious, alien, frigid and false riches. Only the genuine is productive; only the straightforward is potent. That which another bequeaths to us is like a warmed over delicacy. It is every man's duty to reconstruct life; as soon as one looks within, he reconstructs it. A treacherous assassin, ungrateful to God and an enemy of man, is he who, under pretext of addressing himself to the new generations, teaches them an isolated and absolute group of doctrines and pours into their ears the barbarous doctrines of hatred rather than the sweet counsels of love. He is guilty of treason against nature who hinders, in one 'way or another or in any way, the free use, the direct application and spontaneous employment of man's magnificent faculties.

There is such daring in these words that they remind one of Rousseau's *Émile*. The French philosopher expresses himself thus:

Everything is good as it issues from the Author of creation; everything degenerates in the hands of man. It is he who forces one piece of ground to yield the products of another, one kind of tree to bestow the fruits of a different kind; he mixes and confuses climates, elements, seasons; he mutilates his dog, his horse, his slave; he disturbs and disfigures everything; he likes deformity and the monstrous, and he is content with nothing as nature has made it, not even with man, since, according to his view, it is necessary to dominate him like a circus horse, and he molds him to his whim like a tree of his garden.

Rousseau erred in his pedagogical speculations by contrasting with nature an educative action that would have turned out to be dangerous and ineffective in the last extreme; and, above everything, he gave to physical development an extraordinary range. Martí gave this same importance to moral education, and as he soared in his philosophical flights, ever enamoured of liberty, he always desired to give to the spirit very ample powers, excessive concessions; and he went so far as to deny that the accidents of education and climate could alter the essence of men, who are equal everywhere, he declared,

except what the accumulated life of the generations brings to them or has not brought to them. Above the races, which have no influence save upon the character, is the essential spirit of humanity, which mingles and unifies them.

From what we have transcribed, it may be deduced that Martí held, regarding education in general, so rebellious a conception that it may be asserted that he wrote in the clouds, without concerning himself with the systematization of it in order to apply it in the practical and utilitarian life of man. He was a supreme idealist! His view of life seems to have been a reflection of what his own life was: to live bravely, in frank rebellion against everything mean or humdrum; his arm bent for heroism; his breast open to nobility; and his mind ready for all ideas of truth and progress.

Very much opposed to the tendencies of Spencer, he set forth without ambiguity:

Man bears in himself what destroys him, that is, self-interest; and what redeems him, that is, sentiment.

Recommending the importance of intellectual education, he then said, further:

Every man is under obligation to cultivate his own intelligence, both out of respect for himself and for the world.

Upon earth there is only one definitive power: human intelligence. Justice itself, exercised by ignorant people, resembles crime. Strong men, who feel themselves to be dull of understanding, lay hold upon the knees of intelligent men, as upon justice and beauty; like a wing, it lifts the spirit; like a crown, it makes a monarch of him who wears it; like a crucible, it leaves the tiger in the vessel and gives free play to eagles and doves. From the dagger, it makes a sword; from exasperation, law; from government, success; from remoteness, nearness.

It is proper now to inquire—as to the fundamental division of education into the three well known branches—what opinion did Martí hold regarding physical education?

The last words of *La Edad de Oro* give an idea:

Man must learn to defend himself and to invent by living in the open air and beholding death near at hand, like the elephant hunter.

The life of the boudoir is not for men; it is necessary to go out once in a while to live according to nature and to become acquainted with the woods.

Strong men, sound men, skilful men, Martí sought. He held that there is no secure nation, no tranquil home, no respected property, with men who are weaklings, sickly and unskilful.

We are going to become acquainted with other aspects of Martí's pedagogical ideas: those in respect of instruction in religion, the personality of the teacher, his thoughts regarding the school and its methods, and the attitude which he maintained toward positivism, school discipline and the play activities of the child; but let us first set forth Martí's general conception of education: he deemed it an aptitude for moral freedom; he believed it necessary, like Pestalozzi, for the elevation of the inner forces of human nature, for the purpose of obtaining a pure and humane wisdom; and arriving at just views in the end, he was in accord with Herbart in considering it creative of force of character in morality, and with Diesterweg in deeming it activity placed at the service of truth, goodness and beauty.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING

The illustrious Argentine thinker, Carlos Octavio Bunge,[3] in his famous work, *La educación*, devoted an interesting chapter to sectarian education. He said:

The question of religious education in the primary schools is a large social problem, because it is easy and dangerous to impose beliefs during the early years of life. This facility, which may not be abused, and this danger, which should not be overlooked, ought to receive the careful study of the educator.

Entering upon the subject then, he classified the school as confessional, intraconfessional and laical; as a type of the first, the Spanish public school, in which the teaching of Catholicism is compulsory and official; as a type of the second, the English intraconfessional school; and as a genuine representation of the laical school, the primary school of the French republic, one of the most lasting achievements of the revolution. What are the advantages and what are the disadvantages of each of these typical ways of regarding religion and of applying it to public instruction? Bunge decided in favor of the German intraconfessional method, which imparts a Christian morality propitious to progress; he purified the idea of religion by subjecting its defects to philosophical but not political criticism; he approved of respect for beliefs, which is the best foundation of human dignity and he broadened the judgment through the study of beliefs and elevated it through the knowledge of mystical literature. The German intraconfessional school is eminently pantheistic, with a noble and tolerant pantheism which understands that all religions include a truth, because otherwise men would not have embraced them.

José Martí, on the contrary, always upheld the laical school. Martí was a freethinker. Let us see what he said:

[3]See INTER-AMERICA, for December, 1918, page 98, the article, "The Evolution of Rights and Politics," and page 66, Biographical Data.—THE EDITOR.

Neither the Catholic religion nor an anti-catholic religion has a right to teach in the schools; either honor is not a virtue that obtains among those who are religious, or education will be sufficiently religious provided it be honorable: yes, indeed, above all, implacably honorable. It is not proper for a schoolmaster to teach as the only truth, although he share it, a religion that is doubted by the majority of his nation, nor to offend a religion which, from the time when the pupil encounters it in the free use of his right, is already a right. Is the Catholic religion so hazy and so hollow that, with the study of nature and the teaching of human virtues, it will come to naught? Is it, perchance, opposed to these virtues, that it should be afraid of them? Has it, indeed, fallen into such a plight that, although it be a divine doctrine, and therefore eternal, as is affirmed by those who uphold it, neither by the prestige of tradition nor by the influence which it exercises upon the imagination and the senses with its solemn and incensed churches nor by the terror that it awakens in souls through dread of condemnation nor by the practice and reverence of all homes nor by permission to teach in the schools of boys and girls its worship to all those whose fathers and mothers request it, can this work of the ages maintain itself? Let the spirit of man be free and let him keep his ear close to the ground; for if it were not right that it should be so, man would not have been placed in contact with the earth. If his study brings him doubts, let them come and welcome, since they are natural; and they are wholesome, since from tham all, like a vapor of truth or like an immense flower of light, rises splendidly faith in the harmony, goodness and eternity of the universe, more fruitful, yes, and more worthy of a human being than that which is preached and wrought by hatred against those who desire to secure for man, through the honorable exercise of his intelligence, a thorough and loyal compliance with the divine command.

What was Martí's idea regarding the religions? To him all religions were the same: putting one of them on top of another, he argued, they would not overlap by so much as a cubit or an inch. With more explicitness, he was to add:

All the religions have sprung from the same roots, have worshiped the same images, have prospered by the same virtues and have become corrupted by the same vices. Religions, which are necessary for weak peoples in their first state, endure afterward by the anticipation, in which man delights, of the ultimate poetic well-being that he confusedly and tenaciously desires. Religions, in so far as they possess what is durable and pure, are forms of the poesy of which man has prescience apart from life; they are the poesy of the future world; by dreams and by wings the worlds are bound together! The worlds whirl through space united, like a chorus of maidens, by these ties of wings. Therefore religion does not die, but broadens and is purified; it undergoes enlargement and becomes explained by the truth of nature, and it tends to its definitive state of colossal poesy.

Respect, yes; great and solemn respect, he besought for all believers:

Let the men of religion be venerated, whether Catholics or Tarahumaras; all the world, straight-haired or kinky, has a right to the full exercise of conscience; the Catholic who holds himself above the Hindu, or the Methodist who hisses the Catholic is a tyrant. In the same category, are the creole who is prevented from denying and the Catholic who is prevented from affirming.

It is not necessary, however, to present evidences, which would be very abundant, of the frank antipathy and the decided repugnance experienced by Martí whenever he found public instruction in the hands of the clergy, and the predominance of Catholicism in the school organization. Martí was a deist: he never denied God; but he offered him no external worship. Martí's tolerance was very broad and beautiful toward all beliefs; but he loved freedom intensely and he saw in the Catholicism of Rome its eternal enemy, its constant opposer in all countries and throughout all ages. The church of Rome does not learn by experience, he said.

Martí, however, did not undermine the simple teachings of Jesus. Conscientiously —but not because of the influence of the Catholic environment in which he was born and reared and in which he lived—he loved the resplendent figure of the son of Nazareth; he repeated his talks with the humble and the poor; and he rejoiced his spirit with the legendary passages of that religious agitator. He comprehended and blessed the primitive church of the fishermen of the sea of Tiberius, and he was annoyed by the pomp of the Vatican. Can one be a man and a Catholic, or, to be a Catholic, must one have the soul of a lackey? he asked.

If the sun does not sin by shining, how is it that I must sin by thinking? Where hast thou in writing, archbishop: where hast thou in writing, pope: the credentials that give thee rights over a soul? We no longer wear a smock of bedticking; we read history now; we now have good priests who explain to us the true theology; we now know that bishops do not come down from heaven; we now know by what human means, by what contrivances of mere administration, by what culpable bonds with princes, vile contracts and shameful indulgences, this impure edifice of the papacy has gradually arisen, all from the hands of men, all as a simple form of government.

The case appears to have been such that Hugo's genius uttered a cry of admonition!

One of the most interesting news items written by Martí was that in which he described for a South American newspaper the moving incidents that led to the excommunication of Father McGlynn. Father McGlynn's crime consisted in loving the poor extraordinarily, in protecting the old and in showing a civism and a patriotic fervor worthy of immense praise. Martí was enthusiastic over the attitude and words of this exemplary priest, and in reviewing the paragraphs of one of his moving discourses, and in commenting upon the program of true Christianity proclaimed by McGlynn, he attached no importance to the excommunication of the church, which punished the good priest for being of service to mankind. Rather, he found pleasure in something better: the excommunication of the church of Rome by the people of Jesus. From his lips issued this exclamation:

That pale priest is our church!

Let those who desire to cure the passing ills of the Cuban public school, by foisting upon it the catechism, make careful note once again of these words of the apostle.

SCHOOL AND METHODS

Amistad funesta (A Mournful Friendship) was the title that Martí gave to a novel of his, with a simple plot and the savor of a home in the tropics. In it appears a gentleman, don Manuel, a son of the Iberian peninsula, beaten in the struggle for existence, who opens a school:

If, indeed, he did not introduce into the art of teaching—because it was not yet very well known in Spain, either—any novelty that would be better suited to the education of the easy-going and ardent Hispano-Americans than the stupid methods in use, he did so with his Iturzaeta, his Kruger's arithmetic, his line drawing and certain fiery lessons from history, from which Felipe II came forth puffing and fleeing as if devoured by the flames.

Nor was this the only occasion on which the observing mind of the master called attention to the enormous abyss that separated the old school—with its empiricism, its memory lessons, its ignorance of the aptitudes of the child and its strict discipline, which converted it into a place of sacrifice and suffering for the pupil—from the new school, cheerful and practical, which utilizes the fresh dispositions and guides them. The period in which Martí wrote upon all the institutions of his times, and, in respect of every notable occurrence, etched in a phrase his adverse or favorable opinion, was truly critical in the history of contemporary education; for there were already in movement, soon to culminate, tendencies radically different with reference to teaching. The systematic observation of the physical and mental development of the child, the study of his psychology, experience with his habits, his games, his instincts—all those works of the pedological precursors, like Preyer, Stanley Hall, Darwin and Pollock—have not been sufficiently generalized; but Martí had a premonition of the future and he experienced anxiety over the outlook, and in an article upon an Argentine book—*La pampa*—he had already discussed one of the modern theories about play. He denied the atavism that is drawn from the biogenetic law of Haeckel, and in passing, without going to the depths, he almost anticipated Karl Groos, with his theory of preparatory exercise. It was as if no novelty in the intellectual field, no recent theory or latest publication, escaped the culture and the power of observation of our patriot leader, and which he did not soon analyze and study with his easy comprehension and his ample judgment! Hence it is that, in defining Martí's ideas upon very important problems of education, his vision of the future pleases so much, and it comforts the investigator to find, min-

gled with the enormous wealth of his vast literary production, thoughts and ideas that explain his view upon the schools for our times and of the methods that are now required, just as a rich strike—amid the auriferous sand of a mighty river—of the precious nuggets of their longings would have gratified and delighted the gold-hunters.

Martí always showed himself to be a decided believer in practical procedures and in effective, interesting and educative methods. It was in speaking of the Escuela de Artes y Oficios of Honduras, precisely, that he made very useful remarks:

Instruction in farming is even more urgent, not in technical schools, however, but rather in agricultural experimental stations, where the parts of a plow are not described, save in one's presence and by managing it; and where the composition of soils is not explained in a formula upon the blackboard, but in the layers of the earth itself; and where the attention of the boy is not chilled by mere technical rules of cultivation—rigid as the letters of type-metal with which they have been printed—but where they are entertained by the curiosities, desires and experiences which are the delightful reward and the living recompense of those who engage in agriculture on their own account. He who desires a people must accustom men to creating. The people of weight and prevision of these countries of ours must work without repose for the immediate establishment of practical agricultural stations and of a body of traveling teachers who shall go through the fields teaching the countrymen and villagers the things they need to know about the soul, government and the earth.

Martí shunned dogmatism in the private school: he desired intuitive teaching, that the individual himself might coöperate in his education. According to him:

Men ought to learn everything for themselves, and not to believe without inquiry or speak without understanding or think like slaves what another orders them to think.

Nevertheless, in the daily tasks of his life, which was a sacred apostleship of love for the patria, in his ceaseless preachments and in his platform addresses, Martí liked symbolism; he delighted in the apologue and he dealt in the parable for the humble, like the philosopher crucified upon Calvary, since even in this detail their exemplary lives had a point of similarity. In his very style, in his virile prose—strange and new—may be noted his constant reading of the Bible: it is his decidedly oriental fancy. In one of his exquisite chronicles, he showed himself to be favorable to industrial applications, and he almost condemned that classic instruction that consisted in much useless learning, a baggage of luxury in life. We introduce here his own words:

What Rabelais said, ages ago, regarding Gargantua's bad teachers—that it would have been better for him not to have had such teachers, as their learning was mere nonsense and their teaching of a complexity that would spoil the noblest genius and corrupt all the flower of youth—was the same as that which was said by James in recommending the efficacy of manual training in the school, and equivalent to what was confirmed by Anthony, with his physical sciences in the public schools. What is the American who leaves the school at the age of fifteen years going to do with his reading, writing and ciphering, his grammar, which he neither understands nor applies, and his geography, which he has learned by heart? He disdains real work, or he does not know—for lack of the rudiments—how to go about it. He is but a sort of excuse for a gentleman, worthless to himself and to others, who ends by becoming a poor scribe, a miserable lawyer or a makeshift clergyman. That which a boy loses, said James, in amassing a knowledge of literature that is useless to himself and hurtful to his country, he makes up for by learning—at the same time as what is valuable in literature—those general fundamentals of all the arts, which are in themselves accumulated science, and that manual dexterity which will give him confidence in himself, preparation for the trade be may choose later, character in that to which he is to devote himself, although it be not a profession, and a liking instead of contempt for the industries, which the sons of working men themselves to-day consider inferior and belittling as an employment. Anthony said the same: "It makes one's blood boil to see, mumbling verbs which in the street he will conjugate in a barbarous manner immediately afterward, a bright looking boy who might have learned, instead of the pluperfect, what heat is and how a man can make use of it! Until we teach science in the schools, we shall not make the republic safe."

Martí did not believe in the efficacy of final examinations held in public; and in an article upon the college which Tomás

Estrada Palma maintained at Central Valley, he set forth without circumlocution:

The public examination is not a fair test of the scholarship of the student, who is artfully trained for such and such replies, and who must be prepared, because improvisation is difficult in examinations as everywhere else, and the student of most power and talent may fail through timidity. The system is faulty, however, although by the examination it may be seen whether the teacher is of the halter and ferule type, who leads the poor creatures by the nose, or whether he is a father of men who delights in setting free the wings of the soul.

Martí touched upon an important question which has given rise to many polemics in Spanish America: the advantage or the disadvantage of educating a child in a foreign country. In his article "Mente latina," published in *La América* of New York in 1884, upon an occasion when he received an American catalogue, he was filled with enthusiasm because he read the names of boys from Venezuela, Costa Rica and other republics of the continent that share our blood, who had shone brilliantly in the class contests. After praising the precocious intelligence of the Latins, he expressed himself thus:

Oh, that these intelligences were placed upon a level with their times; that we did not educate them for pettifoggers and big-wigs of the times of the *audiencias* and governors; that we did not let them, in their longing for knowledge, nourish themselves upon the vague and galvanic literature of half dead foreign peoples; that we might contrive a happy partnership between the mind that is to be applied to a country and the country to which it is to be applied; that South Americans were trained, not to live in France, when they are not Frenchmen, nor in the United States—and this is the most fruitful of these evil fashions—when they are not North Americans; nor in the colonial days, when they are living outside of the colony, in competition with active, creative, alert and free peoples; but to live in South America! Campaigns are waged for political liberty; they ought to be waged with greater vigor for spiritual liberty to fit men for the lands in which they are to live.

He insisted upon the theme, and he held that:

The danger of training children outside of their country is almost as great as the need, among immature or unhappy peoples, for educating them where they may acquire the knowledge necessary for the broadening of their growing country, or where their character will not be poisoned by the routine of the turbid teaching and morality into which peoples that suffer from slavery are wont to fall, from the listlessness and idleness of servitude. Great is the danger of educating children abroad, because only from parents comes the constant tenderness with which the young flower must be watered, and that ceaseless mingling of authority and affection, which are not efficacious because of the very justness and the arrogance of our nature, except when the two are united in the same person. To raise oranges, it is not necessary to grow them in Norway; or apples, that they bear fruit in Ecuador; but that in the transplanted tree there shall be preserved the native juice, so that, upon its return to its own garden, it may take root.

The design of education is not to make of a man a nonentity, through disdain or impossibility of adjustment to the country in which he must live, but to prepare him for a good and useful life in it. The object of education is not to make a man wretched because of the difficult and confused application of his estranged soul to the country in which and on which he lives, but to make him happy, without taking away from him—as his dissimilarity from his country would take away from him—the condition of equality in the daily struggle with those who retain the soul of the country.

Will the child who is sent abroad to be educated be a citizen lost? Will absence from the household gods, on the contrary, increase his devotion to and love for his native land? Will character formed in an alien society be able to influence the destiny of the collectivity when the person returns to the environment in which he belongs? Will he be out of place in his own country? Who can be certain that in four or five years of study in a foreign country our habits change, our instincts become modified, our indiscipline becomes corrected, and aptitude for good fostered? Only by serious investigations and formal statistics could all the views regarding this problem be substantiated or refuted: a problem that arises in the bosom of many families zealous for the education of their children, when the lack of proper schools is taken into account and also when the condition of the public schools leaves much to be desired.

It will not be necessary for the son of the conscientious parent to leave the family circle when the school shall comply with the requisites of which Martí dreamed: the school of democracy where liberty should be venerated as a religion; the school that should teach much morality and much civism, and the discipline of which would be based upon reverence and affection, "since kindness tames colts and wild beasts," and "the lash will he harvest who sows the lash, and kisses will he harvest who sows kisses!" A clean, cheerful school, much work, few text-books, light and air in abundance, good examples and a fine spirit of fraternity. Love for everybody, love for all noble causes and for all civilizing and progressive effort! That only hatred of vice and of hatred itself should be preached! Such was, in brief, the appealing conception of that man, full of goodness, who did not learn to hate, either under the stroke of the whip or under the voice of insult and the clank of his chains. Such was to be the modern school, very different, indeed, from those wretched schools in which "was taught little else than the principles of doctrine, Fleury, Christian morality, the Christian saints and a minimum, as if superfluous, of reading and writing," according to the exact picture of them that Martí himself set before us.

Martí trusted, serenely and tranquilly, in the school:

> Education is like a tree: the seed is sown and it opens out in many branches. Let the gratitude of the people who are being eduacted be a sheltering tree, in the tempest and the rains, for the men who do so much for them to-day. He who sows schools will reap men.

When the wife of Grover Cleveland, at that time president of the United States, inaugurated free kindergartens in the quarters of the poor, Martí thus expressed his approval:

> Being reared in a kindergarten is not the same thing as being reared in a beer barrel. Bread can not be given to all those who need it, but the peoples that wish to save themselves must train their children against crime: in every street, a kindergarten. Man is noble, and he tends toward what is best; he who is acquainted with the beautiful, and with the morality that comes from it, can not readily live without morality and beauty. Infancy redeems: a city is blameable as long as not all of it is a school.

LET US HAVE RECOURSE TO MARTÍ!

In a conscientious article published in *La Instrucción Primaria* by the illustrious teacher, Alfredo M. Aguayo, the leading tendencies in respect of the public school are eloquently emphasized. Doctor Aguayo considered that contemporary pedagogy has reached a crisis, because the school of to-day, the legitimate offspring of the positivism that reigned in the world during the second half of the nineteenth century, has suffered from the shocks of the new philosophical currents that buried Spencerian agnosticism in disrepute, and has completely altered established values. He classified these tendencies as idealistic, experimental and practical. If we desired to adjust to these views the ideas entertained by Martí, which we have pointed out in the development of this study by citing, from his abundant writings, in books, pamphlets and periodicals, all the elements necessary to forming a body of teachings; if we set ourselves the task of discovering his affiliation, while accepting in advance this judicious division, unquestionably we should classify Martí as an idealist in respect of the material of education. He did not systematize his opinions that related to this tendency, like the eminent psychologist Dürr of the university of Berne, or like Hugo Münsterberg, the learned professor of Harvard; but certainly his constant exaltation of ideal values and his firm belief that education ought to enable us to love truth, struggle for progress and right, rather than wrong, retrogression or egoism, force us to include him in this group as one of its predecessors.

Moreover, the philosophical principles maintained by Martí, his known disagreement with Spencer's sociological theories—so utilitarian and practical—his manifest rejection of positivism, to the extent of finding visible antecedents for it in the Talmud and of condemning it energetically, because it did "the harm of stopping humanity in the middle of its career;" his sweet hope that "the human journey consists in reaching the country which we bear

described within us and which a constant voice promises us;" his incessant struggle against the dogmatism of teachers and his confidence in individualism, because he expected more from the beings to whom the significant title of *men* might be awarded, than from the collective action of the masses, disdainful generally, unwilling at times and often unjust, permit us to argue that in these transcendent problems of education he falls wholly within the idealistic realm. It could not be otherwise in respect of one who attached so much importance to education in morality; of one who saw in the school the agent of culture and spiritual perfection; and of one who looked upon the educator, not as a guardian of the established order, but as a reformer, a nonconformist, who rebels against the imperfections of the environment.

In order to make clear the enormous proportions of this stupendous figure, whose name is always recalled with respect by the lips and with gratitude by the heart, there is no better judgment than the authoritative estimate of Enrique José Varona.[4] Regarding José Martí, Varona wrote the most beautiful encomium of the many tributes to the master:

> Great in life and in death, heroic in aspiration and in achievement: thus was Martí. He was regarded yesterday as a bundle of rare and contradictory qualities. To-day, to our astonished and saddened eyes, his life stands as if fashioned of a single block of indestructible granite. Martí was a typal man: one, because of the fixedness of his idea; one, because of the firmness of his character. He sacrificed everything for that idea, which was none other than the redemption of his people. The exquisite artist forgot his art; the man of passion, his affections. Martí renounced himself most completely, and he gave himself wholly to Cuba. He was a master who set forth doctrines of freedom, lessons of concord, examples of moral dignity. Because of his life of unselfishness and his epic death he was worthy to have his career synthesized in the glorious word that sets a resplendent nimbus about a few great names, and in which are immortalized such as Prometheus, bound to the rock, and Christ nailed upon the cross: the word *sacrifice*.

How then shall we reward him who sacrificed all for Cuba? If the palms no longer await, like brides, the happy lovers of liberty; if it is not necessary to go to the sea-shells upon the shore in order to summon the departed Indians to the last call of honor; if in drinking to the free peoples of America, the spirit does not shrink before the sad memory of the town where he was born; let us think, nevertheless, that this is not the republic of his dreams; that his spirit is missing in our surroundings and that his noble counsels are forgotten. There was no function that belonged to the cordial and progressive commonwealth that he imagined, regarding which he did not leave written a discerning and wise recommendation, on opportune behest. Let something for everything be sought in Martí, and it will always be found: even as to systems and activities for the national public school! Let those who desire to find practical and dignified solutions for any of the country's difficult problems thumb his books from cover to cover, like the commentators upon biblical texts, to settle points of faith and liturgy. When the clouds that lower on the national horizon are blackest and most threatening, when distrust of our managing with our own hands the destinies of the republic becomes most powerful and when, in the chorus of passions and egoisms, the blasphemies seem most insolent, let us seek Martí! For his life will be a beacon of inextinguishable light in the tempestuous shadow. Let us harken to his words, which will be, in the infernal clamor, sweet and consoling, pleasant and fraternal.

[4] See INTER-AMERICA for June, 1918, page 316, the article, "Links from the Chain."—THE EDITOR.

DON QUIJOTE IN YANKEELAND[1]

BY

JUAN MANUEL POLAR

Something absolutely new under the sun! A conceit queer enough to have suited even the insatiable don Quijote de la Mancha, this, of bringing the antipodes together, the poles face to face, in don Quijote and Uncle Sam, symbolic of Spain and the United States, knight-errantry and night illumination, the middle ages and the negation of age! It will be seen, however, that, after all, Uncle Sam possesses not a few of the traits of don Quijote.

The bizarrerie of the whole conception is so novel and entertaining that our readers will be disposed to pardon the author's naïve ignorance and misunderstanding of our national customs and traits of character, as they seem to us, especially when they are informed that he is an admirer and true friend of the United States, who has never set foot upon our soil, and whose knowledge of us has been based—presumably—upon the published reports and comments of travelers—mainly European—of other days, or upon his observation of the type of North American with which he had become acquainted in his own country.—THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH WILL BE SHOWN HOW DON QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA AND SANCHO PANZA HIS SQUIRE CAME TO LIFE

ON A certain day of the year one thousand, nine hundred and something, Uncle Sam was entertaining himself by reading the *Ingenioso hidalgo don Quijote de la Mancha*. Lolling upon a rich sofa of the best tapestry, his feet placed upon a table, a pipe in his mouth, the good old fellow had given himself up to reading, forgetful of time, so much to his liking did he find it. Every little while and in order to increase his pleasure in the lively perusal, he absorbed, sip by sip, brimming glasses of whisky of fine quality and rum of the best, as a result of which—it is superfluous to say—his countenance was becoming more than usually rubicund, and little by little his sparkling eyes were closing, not without a certain knavish gleam, until, unawares, his hands relaxed, and the *Ingenioso hidalgo* slipped from them, and spread wide and sliding, came to rest under the table, crumpled and ill-treated.

The old man with a white goatee slept then like a Benedictine, and the *Don Quijote*—which, in point of discourtesies, neither suffered them nor made use of them—parted with a discreet rustling and let escape from between the leaves a merry sprite, after the manner of a bumblebee, which, with a very quiet and cautious step, climbed up the striped trousers to the starry coat, slid along the goatee, landed with a spring upon the ear of the peaceful sleeper and began to harangue him with his impertinent buzz. As soon, however, as he observed that the old man was stirring, he darted from his ear with singular agility and quickness and, traveling again by the same route, he darted suddenly into the book, which gave him shelter in the depths of its most secret pages.

Startled and confused, Uncle Sam awoke in the meanwhile, rubbed his eyes more than three times, scratched an ear until it looked like a tomato, set himself to stare first one way and then the other with unwonted perplexity, and finally, bethinking himself, he gave himself a slap on the forehead, looked at the book, laid his hairy hand upon it, opened and closed it, took it up again, and, after much searching between the pages and muttering phrases none too refined, he became thoughtful, with his forefinger planted between his brows, his gaze fixed upon the *Ingenioso hidalgo* and carrying on within a hot argument.

He did not wait long, however; then—"Eureka!"—exclaimed the old fellow,

[1]With the present month, the *Mercurio Peruano* begins to publish an inedited novel, the title of which appears above, and whose author is the famous Arequipan man of letters, Doctor don Juan Manuel Polar. Polar possesses one of the best turned pens of Perú, and his mind is one of the loftiest and most cultivated that we possess. In the novel which we publish, the Arequipan writer reveals his kinship to the pure Castilian stock in a chaste style that flows along the Cervantine channels, conveying upon its rich current grains of fine humorism and winged irony. His is a work that recalls the admirable *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes"* of the great Montalvo, which he revives in point of intention and form, as will be seen immediately.—The editor of *Mercurio Peruano.*

looking straight at the *Don Quijote;* and, after pounding it two or three times with the back of his right hand, he gave voice to the following or similar expressions:

"So it was your honor, my señor don Quijote, who buzzed so curiously in my ear? . . . It seems that the knight-errant is up to his old tricks and he apparently challenges me in mockery to see if I can resuscitate him." . . .

"Be it so, and welcome! By the twelve peers of France, well doth this challenge please me, and I accept it with right good will. Either I am not who I am, or the world will see again the famous don Quijote, followed by his squire, as gentle and sightly as in the happy days when he made the rounds of La Mancha. Power and to spare have I for greater prodigies. In my broad states abound the most sapient alchemists; there is a superfluity of physicists, and no shortage of metaphysicians; subjects have I given to spiritism and necromancy; I possess the flower of the electricians and the most daring mechanics; I do not lack physicians of distinction and thousands of engineers of every variety of talent, not to mention savants and those who are versed in the industries, sciences and arts, who will contribute their profound knowledge to the enterprise. Know therefore, my señor don Quijote, that I am neither some windmill nor much less a bad wineskin, and that—by the giant Malambruno and the bearded dueñas!—I am going to resuscitate the knight-errant for the wonderment of my contemporaries and the diversion of my subjects!"

So absorbed was the old man in his peroration that he gave no heed to the curious grimace made by the lines of the treasured book in restraining their laughter; and, happy over his idea and resolved to carry it out without the slightest hesitation, he arose, throwing aside the copy of *Don Quijote,* and began to walk back and forth with singular agitation, ringing electric bells and giving orders to all points of his dominions by means of great horns, which, as is well known, echo to the most remote corners of that republic. Then there began such a tinkling of electric bells, and such were the strides that Uncle Sam took while vociferating his commands, that the book—shrinking and crumpled—lay huddled together, as best it could, in its luxurious binding, awaiting the outcome of the curious adventure; until the old man—when the complicated preparations were concluded, and after he had thought a while, as if he wished to grasp clearly his idea—caught it up again, and, walking fast, in spite of his gout and his years, crossed corridors and halls, and finally placed it upon a table covered with a fine cloth that stood in the vast salon of the lordly palace where lived at that time the Uncle of our story.

After a while—which was not long—there began to gather with a mighty bustle the wisest men of the kingdom. They came panting over their hurried gait, and with such carelessness in manners and dress that they seemed rather people of the artizan class than persons of light and learning. The larger part of the gathering consisted of stout men, with high complexions, in color tending to ruddiness, and auburn hair. Women were not wanting, either, and all of them learned, given to study and to controversy, with not a little of what we call wisdom and talent, to such a degree that there remained with them little of the sex, even in their figures, as they were all masculine looking, with more bones than flesh, long of body, short of sight, flat of breast, the friends of science and the enemies of good looks.

Uncle Sam received them all with great nods; and, without speaking much or little, he made them a sign to enter. They seemed to be no more courteous: some walked up and down; others seated themselves with their hats on, resting their enormous feet upon the back of a neighbor's chair; some smoked; others puffed like plethoric steam-engines; while all chatted comfortably at ease.

In and out among the gathering went—like tiresome bluebottles or importunate fakers—stock-brokers and newspaper reporters, who raised the hubbub of a thousand demons, while transmitting their impressions by means of the many telephone apparatus with which the papered walls were lined; and, although none of the participants understood the reason of the meeting, thinking it merely an affair of

business and gain, they sharpened their wits by venturing the wildest suppositions, great sums being bet upon them, even by the learned themselves, who, although they were such, did not thereby cease to take an interest in gaining their daily bread.

All the world knows that, for the Yankee people, to speak of business is like scratching the place that itches; so that, when the attendants upon the meeting were once set on the trail, the uproar increased from moment to moment, stirrups were lost, and heads, aflame with the mania for speculation, worked out the most topsyturvey combinations and prospectuses, in order to trade in millions upon Uncle Sam's new idea, regarding which all were ignorant. The tumult reached such an extreme that the affair seemed a market for traders given over to barter and gain, rather than an assembly of the learned. In all this confusion were heard everywhere the ringing of electric bells, the shouting of the crowds at the telephones, the going and coming of the stock-brokers, who were speaking even with their elbows, the hypotheses that the politicians were offering in speeches devoid of sense and the inquires of the reporters, who were taking notes upon everything; there being raised thus, and without any one's being understood, the noisiest hubbub that ever was, and which, echoing throughout all the states, redoubled the none too well curbed activity of that very active kingdom.

Finally, the assembly was called to order. Assuming charge of the meeting, Uncle Sam arose and rang a golden bell three times; whereupon all fell into silence, straining their senses in order not to lose even a comma. The chairman coughed, passed his hand down his goatee with the true gesture of the trader and, raising on high the book that had suggested the curious idea to him, he related in brief words (for this gentleman is not given to wasting time) how, being caught in a nap, immediately after reading some pages from the *Ingenioso hidalgo,* he thought that the aforesaid (although this was not the result of a dream, but of much truth) spoke in his ear to challenge him apparently in mockery to see if he could resuscitate him and also his squire; and the orator added, without beating about the bush and with the greatest calmness, that, whether what had happened were sorcery or whether witchcraft, he must set to work, while relying upon the coöperation of his discreet hearers.

Great was the astonishment of the assembly on hearing these explanations, which did not prevent the reporters and the stock-brokers from hastening to communicate the news with a deafening clanging of electric bells, thus arousing universal expectation.

Uncle Sam's subjects are not people who become dismayed before the most headless idea or the most daring enterprise, and it was a sight to behold, how—without stopping to learn whether the lord of the states was or was not in his right mind—they began to discuss and to comment upon the case with sensible notions. Some imagined that electricity could solve the problem; others believed that spiritualism and suggestion were clearly the most appropriate and pertinent means; anthropology claimed its rights in respect of the *homo sapiens;* the materialists invoked physiology, praising its efficacy; and the spiritists protested, in behalf of the soul, with reasonings of an ingenious keenness; thus there was created such a hullabaloo that it was necessary that Uncle Sam have recourse to his authority, to settle doubts and controversies, by offering, like a sensible man, that each one should take the part that suited him; for the case was so complex and so varied that art, science and necromancy, instead of going it helter-skelter, must proceed with harmony in order to obtain the best results. The participants being convinced by these sound reasons, it was held as something indispensable that the copy of *Don Quijote* that lay crumpled upon the table should be taken as the basis of any experiment, since there was not lacking a necromancer who thought it contained within its pages the very spirits they were seeking to resuscitate, without malicious suspicions arising on this account, for some one (who must have been a man of the law, to judge by his emphatic enunciation) called it the *corpus delicti,* and the philosophers thought—devoted, as they always are, to muddled lucubrations—of an hy-

pothesis of the animation of written thought, a subject upon which were agreed several learned men of the kind who belong to the positivistic school, more than five doctoresses in the humanities and not a few medical alienists. The *Don Quijote* sweated ink while listening to the unreason of these reasons, and all the more when a forehanded bacteriologist, frowning and very observing, applied to it, with all zeal, a microscope of extraordinary power, finding in it, as he said during his inspection, a great quantity of noxious vermin, but not the sprite of our story; for the little rascal raced between the lines with such swiftness that a greyhound would not have overtaken him.

Uncle Sam showed impatience over this muddling, in which, according to his judgment, precious time was being lost. He therefore set about beginning the work; and under strict orders the savants, distributed in groups according to their science or necromancy, began their learned tasks. It was all like an orchestra, in which each one worked under the direction of the magic baton of the clever old man, who, knowing his subjects thoroughly, did not tire of calling attention to the many millions which the prodigy would yield. Whereupon the genius of the operators was quickened in such a manner that it was pleasant to see.

In a moment were improvised complicated laboratories: cabinets of the kind devoted to the study of physics, electrical equipments, steam-engines, chambers for the spiritists, and many other apparatus that seemed designed to inflict torment upon the living rather than to revive the dead. Uncle Sam was in it all: to some he listened; others, he governed; he came and went, distributing everything with singular activity and skill; until, deeming the preparations completed, a short résumé was made of the manner in which they were to proceed to the discovery, for this is the word they applied to the resurrection of don Quijote. It fell to the lot of chemistry to manipulate the ingredients and reagents; physics took charge of the development of energy and power; mechanics was to enter into the combination of the delicate gearing; mathematics would look after proportion and calculation; and, while art would model the figures, the physicians would officiate as suggesters, the physiologist would wind the clock of life, and philosophy and spiritism, acting together, would have charge of the souls; all the multiple manifestations of the sciences and arts contributing in their own spheres, and with none remaining idle, to bring the prodigy to a culmination.

What the diplomats call the *modus operandi* being thus worked out, and as soon as the ingenious chemists began to mix and stir in the great retorts the most appropriate substances to produce vital cells, Uncle Sam had the happiest idea that could be imagined, for it occurred to him that it would be necessary to burn the book and use the ashes as the first ingredient of the human organism in that famous chemical mixture. All the savants took part in carrying out this immensely significant enterprise. It was decided to close the doors and windows, since darkness is propitious in cases of sorcery and science, and they proceeded to incinerate the *Ingenioso hidalgo* upon a richly chased salver. As soon as fire was applied, the binding began to writhe and creak as if it were complaining. Then Uncle Sam took a hand with two long rods to open a way for the flames, and they, which only awaited this, enveloped the leaves in such a manner that they twisted up and let themselves be devoured by the fire, without the least hesitation. The necromancers, in the meanwhile, made cabalistic signs, muttering strange incantations between their teeth; and the whole assemblage followed with hungry eyes the fluctuations of the flame, which seemed bent upon devouring the book, even to the last letters. Whether it were an illusion or not, this trustworthy history relates that more than one of the beholders thought they observed that the flame, hovering over the ashes, thrust forth every now and then a red tongue, as if it were seeking to mock the learned assemblage.

Concluding the *auto de fe*, which a certain reporter compared to that made by the village priest and the barber in the library of long ago, they distributed proportionately the ashes for don Quijote and

for Sancho; the chemical ingredients were mixed with them; new and varied reagents were added; and then the artists—who; be it said in passing, were foreigners, since there were none in the republic—modeled from this rich substance, and of life size, the spirituel and chivalresque figure of don Quijote, and the chubby and squirely one of Sancho Panza, with such truth and mastery that, as runs the vulgar saying, speech only was lacking to make them the two famous sons of him who had the misfortune to be called the Manco de Lepanto.[2] All therefore were astounded when they beheld the perfection of the sculptured figures; the enthusiasm grew, and at the voice of Uncle Sam there then began a deafening noise, made by all the machines and apparatus placed in connection in order to concentrate the power and apply it gradually to the two figures for the purpose of infusing them with energy and animation. The electricity discharged such rays as to outstrip those of the most terrible thunder-storm; the steam-engines puffed; the pulleys creaked; the transmission wires vibrated; and in the mean while the most famous savants, with sacerdotal reverence, poured into the ears of the statues just described vital elixirs made of the proper nerve material, while at the same time concentrating upon don Quijote and Sancho, and with great force of will, the invisible fluid of hypnotic suggestion. The spiritists were not to be outdone at this grave moment: they raised and lowered their arms, bowed their heads to the floor and raised them again, mumbling the while unintelligible prayers between their teeth; and the oldest of them set himself to evoke, with great Latin words, don Quijote de La Mancha and Sancho Panza his squire. When the noise was loudest, and the cries of the old spiritist most deafening, the two figures began to discharge an unbearable stench of sulphur, a sign that Lucifer himself had taken a hand in the affair. Then they began to change their color and aspect; they stretched as if they were shaking off some lethargy; they moved their eyes and opened their lips; and moment by moment they assumed the look of the so-called king of creation; and, finally—oh, prodigy of prodigies!—before the astounded spectators appeared alive, made of bone and flesh, the thousand-titled famous don Quijote de La Mancha and the no less famous Sancho Panza his squire. He of the rueful figure appeared with the same outfit as in his better days, not overlooking even the ill-designed frontlet, the slashing blade and the lucky helmet of Mambrino; and as to the squire, he was not behind his master in respect of being graced by the garb with which he made the rounds of La Mancha.

Stupefied, and with good reason, were all the witnesses of such a marvel: some gazed with their mouths open; others wiped their eyes as if they did not believe what they told them; and all, in short, expressed by their gestures and in their faces such astonishment that they seemed to have lost their senses or were upon the point of losing them; but Uncle Sam, who is not disturbed or startled when it is a question of invention or discovery and who was tickled to death to show off his victory, commanded the doors and windows to be opened in order that the light of midday might enter. This was done. The room was then flooded with light, and the wonder of the spectators grew when they were convinced beyond all doubt that the resurrection of don Quijote was true, and true also that of his companion in adventures. At that critical moment, the newcomers stood tongue-tied and disorientated, as if they had come out of a bad dream; and the scene threatened to be prolonged, between the astonishment of the company and the no less great astonishment of the two, when Uncle Sam, accustomed to turns of every kind, taking a step toward don Quijote, and with great reverence, spoke to him after this manner:

"I salute the señor don Quijote de La Mancha, the honor and glory of knight-errantry, and I feel highly flattered to have come off victorious in a challenge such as your honor offered me!"

Having uttered these words, the proud old man smiled and began to look point-

[2] The armless or one-armed of Lepanto: Cervantes lost his left arm as the result of a gunshot wound while fighting gallantly under Juan de Austria against the Turks at the battle of Lepanto.—THE EDITOR.

blank at don Quijote, while the assemblage, marveling and in suspense, awaited the reply.

Chapter II

WHICH TREATS OF THE CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN UNCLE SAM AND DON QUIJOTE, AND OF HOW THE LATTER WAS LODGED

Rueful and disturbed appeared the knight of La Mancha. Beholding him in this condition, Uncle Sam ordered that none should try to rouse him. Don Quijote heard him, and as soon as he had cleared his throat and gesticulated as if he would attempt to speak, he said in the English language, in a low and uncertain voice:

"If it be to me—which I understand is the case—that your honor refers, I have no need to be roused, for, although somewhat perturbed by that of which I know, it is not for knights-errant to lose heart, however great be the affliction to which they are reduced by their misfortune or the ill will of others."

"You are in the right of it," answered Uncle Sam, without hiding the pleasure which he experienced at hearing don Quijote speak; and he then added: "if your honor permit, as soon as you shall have gathered yourself together. I must explain to you the why and the wherefore of your being in this castle."

"It recks me not," answered don Quijote, mastering his irritation; "and as to gathering myself together, let your honor understand, for the government of your conduct, that I am neither astonished nor awed by certain evil dealings and frauds."

A new ground for wonder and enthusiasm was it for all to hear the Spanish don Quijote express himself in the English language. He, however, trying to master his confusion and trepidation, passed his right hand across his forehead, struck himself on the chest and the back of the neck, as if to assure himself of his own personality, moved his head from side to side, and, looking at those who surrounded him, succeeded in making out Sancho Panza, whose teeth were chattering from pure fright and wonder, and who did not even dare to move. Don Quijote went to him and said

"Sancho Panza, is it thou by any chance?"

"Yes, my señor don Quijote;" responded Sancho, also in English, and in a plaintive and trembling voice, "although to my seeming, I know not whether I exist or whether I do not exist; but it is clear that it must be I if I am with your honor, because of that about judging the hank by the thread, and about every sheep having its fellow."

When they heard these phrases, the onlookers forgot all discretion and self-control, and burst into the merriest sort of laughter. Don Quijote took umbrage at this outbreak of mirth, and, turning upon Uncle Sam, he permitted himself to say:

"I know not whether your honor be the devil himself or some magician of the black arts, one of my enemies, but, to judge by the people who make up your court, I have no doubt that your honor seeks them among knaves and rascals."

All made an effort to control themselves, but without succeeding; and Uncle Sam, feigning indignation, turned to them and said:

"Bethink yourselves, ruffians! for it is improper to carry on in this manner in the presence of the señor don Quijote de La Mancha, a knight more famous than don Bernardo del Carpio, than he of the Flaming Sword and than the Cid Campeador himself, the terror of giants and monsters, the defender of widows and distressed maidens, the righter of wrongs and the redresser of injuries, the model of adventurers and the mirror of lovers and of hidalgos."

Don Quijote listened with bad grace to all these compliments; and Uncle Sam added:

"Ill judges me your honor, señor don Quijote, in taking me for the devil or for a magician of the black arts, one of your enemies, since, quite to the contrary, I am your friend and your admirer as well."

"And might I be informed as to who your honor is?" said don Quijote very haughtily.

"They call me Uncle Sam," answered the old man impertinently; "and although I have neither titles nor blazons, I get along without them as well as the best high-muck-a-muck."

Beholding his unconcern, don Quijote smiled with proud disdain, and, looking over his interlocutor from head to foot, he deigned to say:

"A new sorcerer this must be; but make no show of jests with me, my señor. It is easy to see that you are the wise Merlin, and that you are seeking to disguise it."

All laughed again; and more and more angry became don Quijote, who, clapping his hand upon his sword and flaming with rage, burst out in the following manner:

"Little like I your jests, señores knaves; and bear in mind that I shall make you pay dear for such boldness and effrontery."

"Have a care, my señor don Quijote!" cut in Sancho, who for very fear was shaking as with an ague. "Have a care, your honor, for our persons, and forget not that this señor Uncle, or whatever he is called, is a person of much power, according to the way things look. Methinks the first thing is for us to understand who we are and who we are not, because either I have lost my senses or I am myself."

"Thou art right, Sancho," said don Quijote, somewhat calmer; "but ill it is to leave unchastized the insolence of this swarm of ruffians.

"If your honor would like to rest," said Uncle Sam at this point, "I will give orders that you be left alone, that you may seek repose and sustenance."

"This would be a great favor," replied don Quijote, who, in spite of his sallies, had not yet wholly recovered from his perturbation and discomposure.

Uncle Sam therefore ordered all to withdraw, and, although unwilling, the crowd obeyed. Out went, one by one, the savants, stock-brokers, doctors, lawyers, spiritists, necromancers, men of letters, physicians and politicians, and as they passed in front of don Quijote, to have their fill of looking at him, they exhausted themselves in compliments, as if it were a question of the ceremony of hand kissing.

The good hidalgo was none too well pleased, but, because he was a gentleman and well bred, out of mere courtesy he responded to the salutations with cold bows, while Sancho, all upset, clung as close as possible to his master.

At last there remained only Uncle Sam; and he said:

"It is not well for your honor to remain in this dismantled and but slightly comfortable salon. Permit me to accompany you to the lodgings which I have prepared in advance for so distinguished a gentleman."

"I am not opposed to it," replied don Quijote, with natural decorum. Seeing that he was now tranquil, Uncle Sam, who likes to give free scope to his liberal and expansive character, caught the knight of La Mancha by the arm, ready to conduct him. He was not to do so, however. Don Quijote took offense, and releasing himself from the importunate Uncle Sam, he said to him with a lofty air:

"I do not like familiarities, my señor, for it ill becomes knights-errant to show the manners of light-headed popinjays."

"Pardon me, your honor," replied Uncle Sam, somewhat mortified and confused; "but the truth is that the pleasure which I have experienced in seeing you is such that it is easy for me thoughtlessly to overstep the bounds."

Then, assuming the aspect of a courtier and with all propriety, he conducted don Quijote with the greatest attention, yielding the way to him in passing through doors and going along passages. Sancho stuck close to his master, and, desiring to make his way with Uncle Sam, he saluted him every time to the ground.

Thus they reached a beautiful park with an extensive woodland, in the depths of which arose a very lofty palace of a country house, for it should be observed that all this took place in the country and that Uncle Sam was in residence there, as it was in the summer season and more than hot.

Don Quijote went along without saying a word, and such was his gloom that not even Sancho himself, who was dying to let his tongue wag, permitted himself to importune him, being satisfied to look at everything and to turn to Uncle Sam at every step in order to make expressive gestures, and wearing such a face of complaisance that never was there seen a more amusing pantomine.

When they reached the palace, Uncle Sam said to don Quijote:

"Here, your honor, is a chalet which is

my wonted residence during the warm weather, and I am delighted that it may serve as a residence and solace during this season for the flower of knight-errantry."

"How, a chalet?" said don Quijote; "a castle, rather, you should call it."

"That's so," replied the old man, with a complaisant smile.

"Call it little or call it big, it is all one to Galindo," put in Sancho; "but as to a summer house, I never saw a better one in my days, and not even the palace of the dukes seems to me to have been so good to look at as this one which we have before us here."

Whereupon they crossed what is called a parterre in the French language, and then they ascended a stairway of granite or jasper, along the sides of which, the same as in the decoration of the palace, were visible statues of marble and of bronze, fashioned with such truthfulness and in attitudes so startling to the good Sancho that the hapless fellow was frightened almost out of his wits, for it struck him that his master was right, and that all these figures must be of persons bewitched by that wicked old sorcerer or devil, from the skirt of whose coat he did not take his eyes, watching to see whether a tail was going to make its appearance.

As Uncle Sam stopped when they reached the vestibule, Sancho thought that here was where they were to be changed into statues, and he laid hold of his master, greatly alarmed and saturated with perspiration; but his heart beat freely again when Uncle Sam, with kindly expressions and bows, opening the door and raising the ample curtains, begged don Quijote to enter.

Don Quijote did so, and not without a certain complacency, for the luxury of that modern palace was so gorgeous and impressive, that, little by little, the imagination of the good gentleman was becoming aroused, to such a degree that, as he passed beneath the curtain that Uncle Sam raised —more in the attitude of a lackey than of a castellan—and found himself in a salon that seemed the *summum* of magnificence, he let himself say:

"Luxurious is your honor's residence, señor knight, and here would be most appropriate that saying, *sicut domus homo:*" but recalling that it was a question of a sorcerer of the black arts, he added, as if in reproach:

"It is easy to see that all these riches do not belong to those who possess them; but to princes and magnates, as may be observed by their antiquity and richness."

"The señor don Quijote does me little honor," ventured Uncle Sam.

"What your honor deserves, and nothing more, for it is well known that the black arts used by sorcerers to despoil knights of their property and even of their trophies and arms are kept secret. Is it any great thing then that your honor, as booty of war (and I doubt if there were such) or by wiles and sorceries, has toiled to secure the luxury of ancient Byzantium or the never seen jewels of the empire of Trebizond?"

"If such be the origin of these rich furnishings," said Sancho at this point, "without a doubt in that hurly-burly[3] there were no rags, for during your life your honor never saw greater marvels than those that are displayed here. As to rags, pardon being entreated, look, your honor, at that mirror which you have in front of you and which beats water and even light itself for clearness and beauty, and you will see that it is not well for us to find fault, when, never as on this occasion, has your honor appeared to be in worse feather. And what shall I say of my unhappy self, except that I feel ashamed when I behold myself in this plight so little comely; for it seems that this fine looking-glass means but to affront us by reflecting our dilapidated persons at full length. What I have said is so true that as soon as I saw myself, it seemed an outrage for me to set foot in these luxurious surroundings; and as to the carpet (which must be of the kind they call Persian), I think it so insulted that if I could stand on the air, on the air I would stand. Therefore consider, your honor, whether it be good manners to begin now to speak of rags."

[3]Sancho makes a pun upon *Trapisonda*, the Spanish form of Trebizond; *trapisonda*, bustle confusion, hurly-burly; and *trapo*, rag. The play upon the three words is entirely lost, necessarily, in the translation.—THE EDITOR.

Don Quijote was taken aback, above all by the affair of the mirror, in which, much against his will, he beheld himself, because it was in front of him; but, irritated by Sancho's garrulity, he told him to keep silent, and then he said:

"Be grateful to thy rusticity and slight wits, for if it were not for them, I would admonish thee in another way, in order that thou shouldst not be guilty of such stupidities as those thou hast just uttered. Not for what they seem, but for what they are, are things esteemed; for all that glitters is not gold, display is not knightliness, nor is bravado valor, nor will thy dense stupidity ever be able to understand that the knight-errant is not the same as the rich upstart, because the former is known by his worth, and the latter by his appearance; and I would not give one of my great deeds for all the palaces of all the sorcerers and enchanters that exist or that have existed in the world—with the pardon, be it said, of your honor, señor don Samuel, as your honor seems to call yourself."

Sancho kept silence, although not convinced; and Uncle Sam, who was delighted to hear his guest, said:

"Señor don Quijote is more than right, and you, Sancho, are in error, for such are the worth and good name of your master that he has no need of finery or appearances."

"It must be so, if your honor says it is so," said Sancho, "but it seems to me that things enter through the eyes, without our having to bother to find out what each one is inside, in order to give him his due honor, which is something that does not bring us anything to eat and that can not be used for making trousers."

"Wilt thou never cease, Sancho, to make a fool of thyself?" said don Quijote, turning red. "Enough of talk, for I am not in the humor to put up with any more."

Seeing don Quijote with so severe a look, the squire kept still, and Uncle Sam, who, lacking the fingers of an organist, wished to play the rôle of castellan, set himself to show to his guest, by opening doors and crossing passages, the quarters for him and his squire, the dining-room, two or three boudoirs, the entertainment hall and the armory, where were collected so many shining and such varied weapons, arranged as trophies and as panoplies, that don Quijote's eyes gleamed, and he went from one to another, calling them over in the following manner:

"These must be those of Baldovinos; this lance, I fancy, is that of Amadís de Gaula; and I am much mistaken if this one here that is so large and has so keen an edge be not the sword of Palmerín of England." Turning to Uncle Sam, he added, with an air at once of haughtiness and curiosity: "Will your honor have the goodness to explain to me how and why the weapons of so many and such famous gentlemen have come into your possession?"

"It is a long story to tell," answered Uncle Sam, "and it dates from the times of my adventures, for I also have had them,"

"Adventures? . . . Witchcraft and sorcery, it were better you said," replied don Quijote; "but it is not a question now of discussing such topics, since, against my will, your honor offers me a chamber, and I say no more."

"I am of the same opinion," said Sancho, "for the señor don Samuel does us great honor, and, for my part, I can say that I am as pleased as can be, and to the tune they play for me I am ready to dance."

While Sancho went on making his comments, don Quijote permitted himself to be led by Uncle Sam, who made every possible effort to inspire him with confidence, although he did not succeed in doing so, for the knight of La Mancha preserved a countenance half courteous and half disdainful, which rebuffed the chattering old gentleman. The latter took great pains to show his guest the many conveniences and excellencies of that palace overloaded with adornments, furniture and hangings, as if arranged for a bazaar; but he did not succeed in arousing either little or much interest in don Quijote, who, the first impression having vanished, listened to the praises of the rich American with lordly coldness, like a person accustomed to frecuent palaces and castles, who pays precious little attention to luxury and show; and to such an extent that Uncle Sam, in no way initiated into the mysteries of aristocracy and courtesy, finally came to understand that he was not making a very good

figure when he compared his attitude with that of the hidalgo of La Mancha.

The one who was filled with enthusiasm, however, was Sancho. He spent all his time in asking over again and again about the use and object of every piece of furniture, pausing at each step with his mouth open, and so overcome was he that he completely forgot the marvelous experience of his resurrection and the fear with which he had been filled previously.

Finally Uncle Sam, who, although taking it all in jest, felt mortified that he had not been able better to play the part of castellan in the presence of don Quijote's knightly attitude, took leave in this manner:

"Remain then, your honor, señor knight, in this humble habitation, in order to try to find repose as best it may suit you, and I, that I may not to hinder you, deprive myself of the honor of being in your company."

Having expressed himself in these terms, and after many bows and salutations, the old man went to join his vassals, who were waiting for him with the greatest impatience; but before he did so, he gave a turn to the key of the vestibule door, because he knew that his guest would not lose the opportunity to take to his heels and start through the world in search of adventures.

(*To be continued*)

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF A GREAT DAILY

The semi-centennial of *La Nación* of Buenos Aires was celebrated on January 4, 1920. Being one of the most respectable and influential of that important group of dailies—the others are *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, *Jornal do Commercio* of Rio de Janeiro, *El Mercurio* of Santiago, Chile, and *El Comercio* of Lima—which at present mold the thought of the southern peoples in no small degree, we are pleased to reproduce the following two articles, published originally in *El Mercurio* of January 4, 1920.—THE EDITOR.

A GREAT BUENOS AIRES DAILY

THERE are in Spanish America three great dailies which, throughout a long career, have presided over the life of three nations and their longings for progress; and so inwrought are they with their existence that, relatively, they seem to be what *The Times* has been to England: her most faithful representative. The oldest of them all is *El Mercurio*;[1] in age, it is followed by *El Comercio* of Lima; and the third is *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, which to-day rounds out its half century of existence, and whose standing and prosperity are such that it holds a place among the most important dailies of the world: a very honorable position in our epoch, in which the daily press is a former of public opinion. We send our compliments this day to the great sister daily of a friendly country.

In fifty years, *La Nación* has beheld the accomplishment of the gigantic transformation of Argentina, and it has itself been one of the most efficient agents in this transformation. Its founder, who was one of the organizaing geniuses of the Argentine nation, made of the daily the direct instrument he needed in order to address himself to public opinion and form it according to his ideas. The daily has continued its mission since the times of the great patriot; and in the hands of his descendants, the valuable legacy has maintained the serene and robust existence which was bequeathed by the noble ancestor. *La Nación* is the receptacle in which Mitre's soul continues to live and to foster the work of culture and of the aggrandization of his country, which was the religion of that soul.

It came into existence at the time when the Argentine nation began to adopt a definitive course, after more than half a century of sanguinary vacillation. Mitre had been a fighting soldier in all the campaigns of that period of endless turbulence, of war against the tyrant of Buenos Aires,[2] against the bosses of the interior and against the claims of the provinces—eddies along the stream of progress. He was the soldier of journalism, in Montevideo, in Buenos Aires, in Bolivia, in Chile—upon our *Mercurio*—and in Lima. He had to draw the sword once more in order to overthrow Rosas at Monte Caseros. He made himself, in turn, a partizan leader, but one with a generous idea, in order to defend it from attempts to revindicate a hurtful system; and upon the field of battle, in the government, upon the platform, in the press, Mitre was consistently a knight-errant of the ideal of the great, cultured and peaceful Argentine nation.

With this accumulation of experience, he created a daily that was to be for half a century, down to the present time, the herald of every lofty idea connected with the life of Argentina and that of the continent, and of every noble idea that related to the welfare of humanity. Its hundred columns were just so many tongues that spoke the language of social justice, of cordiality in international relations, of culture for all, of the development of wealth by the great forces which the modern arts offer to the imagination and to labor, of right in relations between peoples; and it was at the same time the historian of the daily eixstence, hour by hour and minute by minute, and of the movement of the entire world. The great Buenos Aires daily

[1]See INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918, page 77, the article entitled: "The Oldest Daily of South America."—THE EDITOR.

[2]Rosas. See INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, page 131, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

possesses, above all its qualities, that of preserving perfect equanimity of temperament—an inheritance, unquestionably, from its founder—in every situation, the *sang-froid* that was one of Mitre's greatest virtues, and which has enabled *La Nación* to say the necessary word at the opportune moment and to solve with a just decision, worthy of the one who presides over the conscience of a great nation, the most delicate problems. Amid the greatest ardors of national and international life, the voice of Mitre's daily has sounded like a great bell calling upon men to exalt their hearts and give to each other the embrace of peace.

It is not strange therefore that with such a reputation for morality, the sheet that was born in 1870 has been able to develop into an extraordinarily powerful enterprise, and that *La Nación* should represent at present in the political, literary, commercial and economic life of Argentina an enormous power, comparable only to similar undertakings in England and the United States, where a daily stands for as much as a great manufactory, a bank or a railway system, and where it counts by the thousand the men who collaborate with it, and by the million the capital that is employed in it, and whose life is the center of an activity that extends over a wide area.

Every man who has amounted to anything in the Argentine republic has contributed to *La Nación*, and every writer of fame in Europe or America has had a place in the great daily, not to mention the specialists of which it makes use in all its branches. The number of copies in circulation exceeds 200,000—we understand—and its equipment of machinery is the most important of its kind upon the South American continent. It is being constantly renewed, in a fever of progress, of which the principal factor is its present director, don Jorge E. Mitre.[3]

II

"EL MERCURIO" AND "LA NACIÓN"

The press could not announce the beginning of the world, but it will surely foretell its end. It has already attempted to do so several times. Indeed, the press has become so much a part of the world that it is to-day the pulsation that reveals its beats. It teaches, informs, comments and presents the exact measure of humanity's rhythm and power.

Born in literature, it was educated in life and it found its profession in politics.

Few are the countries that come forth at birth armed with a press, like Minerva with a helmet and lance. The Hispano-American countries are among them. Friar de la Buena Muerte, Camilo Henríquez, sounded the reveille of the revolution in Chile by issuing upon a leaf of ruled paper, with the title of *La Aurora*, the first propagandist newspaper. It was the aurora of public opinion, it is true, and soon was to shine the full sun of the codes, the electoral laws, the assemblies, free suffrage and the daily rotary.

Something very curious is taking place in Spanish America. We possess, perforce, some of the ripe fruit. The civilized peoples of the east and of the west enjoyed a mild pastoral infancy, a crude warlike adolescence, a long sentimental youth, a mature apogee of reforms and industrialism, and now they have burned themselves up in the flames of a renewal in which, like a new phenix, they begin the different stage of accumulated hopes. We were born upon this continent from the ancient peoples of Spain, with an endemic curiosity; we were born as the offspring of days, with the instincts and ambitions of centuries. The weary mother put us out to suck to a nurse of fifteen years; we bit vigorously at the immature nipple with willing and exhausting lips.

Is it strange then that this powerful influence of the press upon public opinion—a phenomenon almost recent in Europe—should be a theorem in South America? The daily was the syllabary of this continent, its entire school; it served even to cover the walls of the shanty! A luminous soap-bubble, it hardened and sometimes even changed into a metallic and deadly bomb!

In America, the press is almost an aboriginal tree in the intellectual sylvas, still so little studied. The press has been the gospel of her republics. All the leaders began in its school, and it was a lofty obser-

[3] A grandson of don Bartolomé.—THE EDITOR.

vatory for their intellectual communication with the world.

Let us recognize that in our lands the press has been the bell-wether of the nations, generally their beneficent fairy and always their guide. In this sense and with this belief, we shall defend it from becoming the depository of anarchical, disintegrating and martial ferments.

From the coast of the Pacific to that of the Atlantic, two great dailies have crossed hands. *La Nación* and *El Mercurio* look upon themselves as the children of the same mother, the offspring of liberty and peace, brothers of a generous blood of hospitality and love. More Argentines than Chileans have crossed the Andine summits from one country to the other. Among them came to Chile don Bartolomé Mitre.

He was a gentleman who united to his Spanish virility and courtesy something of the oriental, which he absorbed with Hellenic culture, and much of the Latin, by means of which he stamped upon his first lessons in the classics his harmonious and orderly personality. Standing as an elegant rhetorician in the presence of the pampa, which invited to the saddle, the jurist was a warrior, president, partizan chief and general. The leader[4] of a society and the choice of a democracy, he became the president of the republic. If the first king was a fortunate soldier, the first president might be a good-looking and valiant bachelor of arts.

General Mitre did not come to Chile, like other great men of his country, to pour out his rancors nor to wage war upon tyrants. Like the *émigrés* of France in England, he visited salons, composed verses, charmed women and left enduring recollections. His poverty was that of a ruined gentleman; he bore it in silence so worthily and so proudly that the Santiagan kindness of heart found almost no way to help him overcome it.

In 1848, he edited the columns of the daily for which he wrote. It was *El Mercurio*, the home of Argentines. Their souls still wander sadly through our halls. They were ardent warriors, romantic heralds of struggles for liberty, who afterward filled with enchanting phraseology the innocent press of those days.

Mitre, however, did not sign his political articles. His name appears only by comparing facts of history or by referring to the archives of Lima. It seems that in Chile he preferred to restrain his journalistic tendencies more than in the other countries included in his peregrinations.

Nenertheless, we must not fail to say, on this great occasion for *La Nación*, that this alone is sufficient to enable us to recognize as a kinsman the great organ of Argentine public opinion; for if some day we erect a monument to the peace and intelligence of the two peoples whose Andine vertex is crowned by Christ the Redeemer, a place upon it will be occupied by *La Nación* and *El Mercurio*, Mitre, Sarmiento, Agustín Edwards and the symbol of the press to adorn upon a medallion of bronze the pedestal of eternal granite.

The centennial celebration of *La Nación* is a festival of *El Mercurio*. We are approaching the century that will be rounded out in seven years. The prayer we offer for to-day and for September, 1927, is that "Argentina and Chile, while seeking in their race, their people, their history and their tradition, the new forms of republican life, may find *La Nación* and *El Mercurio* the old and the always new organs of the age to come."

This will be useful, too, for if new blood does not come hither to change the lines of the old physiognomy, thither, in a land hospitable to men, flow together new currents which know little or nothing of love, kinship and affection for ancestors.

[4]English in the original.—The Editor.

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY IN ART[1]

BY

JOSÉ INGENIEROS

I. Truth in Beauty.—II. Madness in Science and in Art.—III. King Lear.—IV. Hedda Gabler.—V. Psychology and Criticism.

TRUTH IN BEAUTY

A HAPPY accident placed in my hands, almost in childhood, the admirable *Encomium moriae* of Erasmus, the Voltaire of the Renaissance. The well known illustrations of Hans Holbein contributed their charm to the delightful pamphlet, intended to hold up to ridicule all forms of human folly. Back from Rome, with his faith shattered, Erasmus had lifted upon the same gallows of ridicule theologians, monks, popes, princes and all the other rulers and magnates who lived as slaves of a futile vanity. Thus there was early born in me a certain liking for studies in mental pathology, more clearly defined when I reread *Hamlet*, the *Quijote*, the *Enfermo imaginario*, I being at that time a student of medicine.

It seemed clear to me that in the domains of morbid psychology, art and science hobnobbed together: one imparted more heat and firmness in the synthetic outline of the characters, while the other permitted more subtile analyses and precise definitions.

Never, in spite of the common opinion of the mediocre, have I discovered a necessary antagonism between the products of the esthetic imagination and those of the scientific imagination, whose values, different in respect of methods, seem to converge in their highest results.

The work of art, in its simple forms, is usually a mosaic of the excitants of the senses—rimes, colors, lines—designed to recall images of previous emotional states; the elementary esthetic values are given immediately by experience and they are conditioned by the affective tone of the sensations. In proportion, however, as experience increases in the individual and in society, its results become more and more mediate; associations, continually more complex, are effected, not now between simple images of sensations, but between synthetic conceptions of images, the work of art ascending to the domain of the properly creative imagination.

Having reached these higher forms, artistic constructions acquire a meaning that converges toward scientific elaborations; by different routes, science and art may move toward harmonious ends, esthetic values and logical values coinciding.

This opinion may, to a certain extent, be applied to a critical estimate of the work of art and the work of science. No work that might be limited to the domain of immediate experience would merit the classification of being artistic or scientific; whatever produces organic reactions of pleasure by the simple excitation of the senses is not art; and any accumulation of data by which reality might impress our senses is not science. Art and science begin with the elaboration of the images of sensations by converting the immediate into the mediate, and the direct into the indirect. An esthetic value is a canon of beauty extracted from experience, in the same way as a logical value is a canon of truth, both being ceaselessly perfectible in the hypothetical sense represented by the ideals which the human imagination elaborates.

An ideal of false beauty and an ideal of ugly truth being inconceivable, the esthetic value of a work of art increases in proportion to the greatness of its content of truth, and the logical value of a work of science, in proportion to the growth of its content of beauty.

Let us not say therefore that art must be subordinated to science; its domain is essen-

[1]A lecture delivered in 1899 at the Centro de Estudiantes de Medicina. (Inedited).

tially emotive, and emotivity precedes logic. We do note, however, that when a work of art succeeds in producing emotions of beauty in harmony with scientific truth, it reveals a higher quality, both because of the wealth of experience which serves as its foundation and because of the imaginative aptitudes which the artist applies to its elaboration.

We ought not therefore to be surprised that the greatest artists have succeeded admirably in attaining to truth. The poet who knows how to describe characters is a psychologist; the musician who harmonizes tones and rhythms is a physicist; the painter who succeeds in imparting life to landscapes is a naturalist; and the architect who coördinates masses and lines is a mathematician. There is truth in actions, sounds, perspectives, proportions; and only that is a great and true work of art which creates esthetic values in accord with these logical values.

In all human knowledge, which is always relative, the criteria of truth lose their rigidity in proportion as they depart from immediate experience. When an hypothesis gains in amplitude by embracing ampler domains of experience, its demonstrability diminishes. This Pascal desired to express when he repeated that the mission of man is not to find the truth, but to seek it: words that ought to be recalled whenever we embark upon an inexhaustible theme, although we may not be able to restrain ourselves thereby from the desire to reflect upon it.

II

MADNESS IN SCIENCE AND IN ART

Within the necessary limits which discretion assigns to a lecture, I shall try to examine an aspect of this interesting problem: the relation that has existed between the artistic and the scientific conceptions of madness; or, rather, how art has expressed some forms of this great misfortune that deprives a man of his most complex functions.

In the last years of the dying century, psychological studies have taken a technical direction, in their dual clinical and experimental aspect. Their methods are doubtless worthy of being cultivated with assiduity, as they enable us to effect an analysis of the psychical functions, still incomplete, but now less uncertain than that of the dialecticians, and more legitimate than that of the animists. It is well, however, not to forget that analysis is insufficient to give us an integral idea of human personality, inasmuch as the latter always presents itself to our observation as a functional whole, that is, as character manifested by conduct.

A place of honor as great psychologists may worthily be bestowed upon certain writers who possessed especial perspicacity for observing and describing human characters, from the classic Theophrastus and his commentator La Bruyère, the true precursors of a vast contemporary bibliography, which, although technical, does not reveal, as a general thing, such keen subtilty of genius.

The present increase of psychological training has thrown into relief the value of pathology as a means of illustrating some processes that are inaccessible to the strictly experimental method. It is well known that Morel, Charcot and Maudsley have traced new paths, which were trodden, with unequal success, by Ribot, Lombroso, Morselli, Janet and a hundred others, thus completing certain conclusions as to the normal by data of morbid psychology.

The result of such studies has been the interest with which many psychologists and alienists have reread the classic works of universal literature, seeking in the description of certain human characteristics an authoritative antecedent or a legitimate comprobation of the modern conclusions of psychology. By this means it has been proven that many artists were at one and the same time admirable observers, from Euripides to Dante, from Shakespeare to Goethe, from Cervantes to Molière. In their works, we are able to study all the abnormal gamut that oscillates between passions and madness, with the advantage that certain traits are better accentuated in the work of art than in the reality itself.

No one will be able to forget Phædra or Francesca when he studies the passions, nor will he overlook Argan when he analyzes the neurasthenic. He who studies madness

will constantly recall King Lear and don Quijote. They are certainly not "perfect clinical portraits;" but, in spite of their imperfections, they rise to an immense psychological height above the "histories" that are wont to be gathered in madhouses. What they lose in accuracy they gain in intensity. It is undeniable that they express with deep and effective realism the derangement of the diseased mind, even when they depart from reality, as is observed by the alienists. The firm accentuation of certain typical artists usually compensates for the vague indecisiveness of others no less essential. In this same impurity, however, we ought to see only the defects of the qualities; these phantasms, created by the esthetic imagination, acquire a suggestive and emotive value, more profound, if possible, than the truly demented upon the observation of which they are based. They impress us by the truth contained in their beauty; but it is truth idealized, logical value transmuted into esthetic value.

III

KING LEAR

Art affords vast material for the curiosity of the alienists. For a quarter of a century this vein, which seems inexhaustible, has been exploited. During recent years, the development of psychopathological studies has influenced, in turn, literary production. It is observable that they have not been overlooked by authors of such diverse schools as Zola, Ibsen and Bourget; but, at the same time, there has arisen a genus of scientific criticism applied to works of art and to artists whose heteroclitic exponents oscillate between Guyau and Nordau, the former as temperate as the latter is unjust.

We apply our scrutiny to another kind of reflection. We are not going to judge authors by their works, but to undertake an analysis of certain artistic characters, by comparing them with the clinical reality, without forgetting, however, that truth is not presented in art as in science.

It is, so to speak, a warm and transfigured truth, capable of evoking reality intuitively under the form of esthetic emotion. Its logical value is less than that of the cold and crystalline truth defined by science; but it would be absurd to ask of art more than it can give, in a field which is not its own, while forgetting what it is able and knows how to give us in other realms in which it reigns supreme.

No poet has equaled Shakespeare in the portrayal of human characters; we could not name another who has exceeded him in the observation of reality; and precisely in his works, as in *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, we see that facts assume an almost symbolic value, when surrounded by circumstances propitious to intellectual and emotional harmony. It is true that an ignorant king of Scotland, about the year one thousand, could not say very profound things regarding the value of life and the meaning of history; it is but slightly probable also that a crazy prince of Denmark would exhibit a profound philosophical sense. It was Shakespeare who spoke through the mouth of both; but not on this account do they lose their singular psychopathic outlines.

By analyzing one of his characters—King Lear—we shall perceive the convergence of the esthetic values and the logical values of art and science. We may think, perhaps, in concluding, that every artistic work contains a hidden treasure of truth, as in every great scientific work may be discovered a glimmering of beauty.

We shall never be able to witness without emotion the pathetic scenes in which Shakespeare sets forth the tragic misfortunes of Lear. The old king of Britain has slighted the best of his daughters, the sweet and loving Cordelia, in order to prefer unreservedly the first-born Goneril, and Regan. The most cruel disillusionment rewards his favoritism; he sees himself one day cast out by the wretches who abandon him without pity.

Maddened by the double affront to his authority and his heart, he finds refuge only in the tents of the good Cordelia, the queen of France, who has induced her husband to send an army in defense of Lear; but the fortunes of war are cruel, and the old king is vanquished in a battle that results in his capture and death.

All the figures of the drama are admirably drawn. Each personage is a model of character, with its lights and shadows, impelled

always by the fatality of a native temperament that overrides the influences of social environment and education. However, among them all, the figure of the great king is magnificent and tragic, now wrought over with analytical details of an insuperable delicacy, now defined in broad outlines that give their synthesis in a look, a meditation, an outbreak.

From his presentation, Lear stands defined: old, vain and authoritarian, susceptible to the adulation of Goneril and Regan. He is offended by the loyal and respectful simplicity of Cordelia; he desires to be flattered, even if they lie to him. Like most of the aged, he possesses an egoism that is a mixture of fatuousness and flabbiness; the bad daughters, deceiving him, succeed in inducing him to renounce the crown. His petulance goes farther than his distrustful avarice, to such an extent that he believes himself so adored that he will be able to preserve his authority after losing the throne.

All the psychology of old age is synthesized in the first acts of the Shakespearean personage. The essential notion of his own value being lost, the unfortunate Lear considers himself venerable, almost divine; the loyal truth that springs to the lips of Cordelia offends him; hypocritical fawning enchants him. His critical sense has disappeared, along with his large experience; he now has no idea of relativity; he forgets that he is a man who lives among men; he believes ingenuously that the young may be blind nincompoops who move to the rhythm of his words, as if his gray hairs have transformed him into an oracle.

His later sad wandering doubtless awakens compassion, when, now dethroned, he observes that he is an unwelcome guest in the house of Goneril, and he beholds himself rebuffed without pity in that of Regan. His very buffoon, a witless fellow, torments him with refrains and jests that are the reproach of good sense in the presence of the mistakes of his own foolish love. So, little by little, without losing a certain majesty and rectitude that belonged to his former rank, there begins in Lear the process of madness, the conflict between his will to preserve his equanimity, and the passionate outbreaks of his wounded vanity. He understands that this shock between reason and sentiment will drive him crazy; he fears it and cries out against it; he is aware of the misfortune that threatens him, but in vain he struggles against it, his mental processes being decayed by age. Progressive exhaustion and morbid emotivity drive him to an incoherent confusion, in which are mingled the desire for vengeance upon his wicked daughters and repentance for having offended the virtuous one; and the tempest bursts when, after his wanderings, the compassionate Kent invites him to enter a cabin, and he refuses, in order to pour out beneath the impassible heavens his anxiety and his delirium, his fury and his hallucinations.

In the following act, he wanders about the plains near Dover, bedecked with flowers and plants of the meadows. Thus he speaks, afterward, from the couch on which Cordelia offers him repose and tenderness, succeeding for an instant in dissipating the phantasms of his imagination and in coaxing sleep. He has moments of lucidity and affection still; as when he awakes surrounded by tenderness and says to Cordelia:

> You do wrong to take me out o' the grave:
> Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
> Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
> Do scald like molten lead.

These moments of tenderness and sorrow beautify the personality of Lear and render it winsome; there are in his words frequent moving utterances that cause us to forget the vain and domineering old man. They are the roars of the wounded wild beast brought to bay by its pursuers; his esthetic efficacy increases when the spectator remembers that the very daughters of the ill-fated king are the cause of his immense misfortune.

Without this affective fervor, Lear would be totally unattractive, repulsive; his lucidity of heart, so to speak, imparts fine notes of contrast to his personality.

The culmination is that nocturnal scene in the solitude, when a king, a buffoon and the tired escort appear, brought low by the same destiny in the tragic immensity of the night. Lear, in that hour, pities others who suffer with him and all those who mourn

in the dark. He speaks like a philosopher. That king is impressive, surrounded as he is, by wanderers and ragamuffins, himself poor and mad, when he raises himself above the reality about him to criticise human injustice and to pronounce his sentence upon the fatalities of destiny.

Equally impressive is the appearance of the wandering king upon the plains of Dover, who, in the midst of his delirium, preserves a sentiment of upright authority that induces him to pass judgment upon himself; and very touching is the brief scene of his cure beside Cordelia, to the sound of sweet music, so much so as to cause it to be believed that the delirious agitation might have been a passing crisis of anger rather than the explosion of dementia.

After Lear bends his trembling knee before the daughter to whom he was unjust in other days, misfortune again hovers over him. He moves us, when, now a prisoner, he praises with fervent words the gentle creature. He freezes our blood, when, holding her in his arms, he yields to death, worn out, as if in it he sought the only quiet compatible with his for ever unbalanced mind:

> Vex not his ghost: Oh, let him pass! he hates him much
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

In spite of certain clinical incoherences—which do not diminish the esthetic beauty of the personality—Lear stands as one of the firmest psychopathological monuments of literary history.

It is true that there survives too much affectivity in the old man's soul, since as age refines the egoistic sentiments; it is also true that he reveals too much mental lucidity during the tempestuous night, to the point of suggesting that disequilibrium has given Lear a genius that perhaps he did not possess before; and it is not less so that the sentimental cure is too complete in one who has just wandered in delirium and hallucinations. All this, however, is the just concession that truth makes to art in recognition of the great plastic beauty of the archetype, necessarily different from the reality, since the former is destined to endure, while the latter passes.

His madness is the maniacal agitation that dominates his whole personality—delirium, mental confusion and fury alternating. Lear has not in his register certain false notes, while preserving the rest perfect, as occurs in don Quijote; nor does he possess the perfect intellectual lucidity that Hedda Gabler is to show us in the face of the disturbance of her affective life. He realizes the common type of out-and-out madness; therefore he will serve us as a term of comparison with partial or monomaniacal madness, or with absolutely lucid moral madness, both more interesting to the psychologist.

It is evident that Hamlet is a creation of greater psychological value: Lear does not possess his philosophical perspicacity nor his tormenting doubt. Hamlet is a model psychasthenic, with his dissociations of personality and his descent from extreme psychic tension, full of obsessions and phobias, instable in character, with contradictory sentiments, a superior degenerate, a doubter, a simulator of madness.

Hamlet, who has been the despair of so many commentators, is more interesting to psychologists than to alienists. His basic characteristic is abulia. Desire, deliberation and effort are required for every voluntary action. In the insane prince, desire is unstable, deliberation undecided, effort almost wanting. His fixed, obsessing idea is to avenge the death of his father; he has black humor, with vague ideas of suicide; he feels that life is vapid and without charms, unworthy of being lived. His reaction to reality is purely intellectual, but disorientated. He lives in perennial doubt; he is doubtful of everything, of others, of himself, of his own obsession. He is distrustful and cautious, always suspecting something terrible beyond what he sees and comprehends; jealous, astute, he forbodes what is being plotted against him and he defends himself in time. He suffers outbursts of antipathetic anger, he is cynical at times, he kills from fear; at other moments he seems gentle and serene. He never becomes careless, and events find him alert; he wastes his mental energy upon restless meditation, which at length changes the very fountains of his affectivity. He stands before us as a psychasthenic, from

whose mental complexity issues the secret of his extraordinary poesy, rather than as a systematic sufferer from delirium.

How different from each other also are Othello and Macbeth, who arrive at madness along divergent paths: the passion of jealousy and the terror of repentance. The madness of King Lear is of another kind.

That of Macbeth is tragic and terrible. From the time when the witches kindle in his heart the ambition for command until his wife drives him to crime with irresistible words, is prepared the psychological tragedy that culminates in the assassination of the king. Macbeth is racked at the decisive moment by an agonizing struggle between the obsession of power and the reproach of his conscience. This struggle continues throughout the course of the whole tragedy, sundering in twain his judgment and his heart in a genuine undoubling of the personality; his *ego* vacillates and changes at every moment; now when he is assaulted by the hallucinations of Banquo's shade, now when he suffers from the vertigoes that force us to think of epilepsy. At his side continues the sinister activity of Lady Macbeth, who, in her accesses of somnambulism, denounces and betrays herself by reproducing the scenes of the tremendous crime.

In comparison with them, King Lear stands before us with the more simple, but also the more unmistakable attributes of insanity: agitation in conduct, delirium in reasoning, hallucinations of the senses, demential dissolution of the personality. Therefore his psychical overthrow is more sudden and noisy than that of Hamlet or Macbeth, without our being able to doubt at any moment the diagnostic of his madness: simple, without subtilities, without chiaroscuros.

IV

HEDDA BABLER

You have probably read much during these recent years regarding certain disequilibriums that occupy the frontiers of insanity without having its fundamental symptoms. Perception is normal, and hallucinations are not observed; the logical faculty is strictly preserved and it is at times exaggerated, thus excluding the irrational morbid processes which we call delirium the mental level has not declined; there is naught that resembles dementia. Nevertheless, there is nothing more distinct from the average human type, called normal, than the mentality of neuropaths of every kind, particularly hysterics, the amoral, the obsessed and psychasthenics.

It is an intermediate domain between psychology and psychiatry, peopled by morbid personalities that do not adapt their conduct to the social environment in which they live, but whose acts do not yet involve seclusion in a madhouse. Their perspicacity in reasoning is the cause of their own and others' misfortune; their intelligence may exceed in lucidity that of their relatives and friends, who are, nevertheless, obliged to put up with the doleful consequences of their feelings and their antisocial acts. In them, madness is not an unhinging of the reason, but of the affective and volitional life; they think well, but they will badly; they speak well, but they act wrongly.

It is not rare to come upon such personalities in the masterpieces of literature, but in recent years we find some psychological analyses more perfect in certain authors whose writings, like Ibsen's, may be considered destined to go down to posterity as true classics.

It has been said, in praise of him, that Ibsen has constructed the outstanding personages of his dramas while bearing in mind the results of modern psychological investigations. Like Balzac, Zola, Daudet, Dostoyevsky and others, he must have understood that artistic conceptions ought to be founded upon the observations of real life, without prejudice to idealizing afterward the reality itself by robbing it of its less general attributes and clothing it with the dress of harmonious syntheses. It is thus that he has fashioned certain characters that seem representative or symbolic of an entire genus, conciliating the real with the ideal in forms of static equilibrium that satisfy at one and the same time the desire for truth and the longing for perfection.

Among the great Ibsenian types, women occupy a prominent place. In them, the reverse of the romantic manner, are to be

found incarnated certain egoistic and antisocial sentiments widely circulated under the influence of Stirner and Nietzsche. Their most finished type is afforded us doubtless by Hedda Gabler, a personage who feels and acts in a sickly manner, although her mental lucidity is so perfect, so logical, that she lives by tyrannizing over and afflicting all those who are obliged to submit to living with her.

Hedda is an unbalanced person, and she has certain of the psychopathic characteristics of the delinquent woman. The daughter of a general, educated in a favorable environment, all the abusive and despotic inclinations have flourished in her: she has the sex of a woman, in spite of herself; she makes display of being strong and masculine, rides horseback, has a pistol and exercises to show an indomitable virility of will.

Hedda was from a child a genuine moral defective; in school she terrorized her companions with small violences and humiliating taunts. She entertains herself afterward with certain risky love affairs, without coming off safe from them with anything but her physical virtue. When this is in danger from the audacious importunities of Eilert, she dismisses the presumer by firing a pistol at him. She lost her head once and made up her mind to marry a modest man of science—George Tesman—who with his merits and virtues aspires to better his social rank. She never made the mistake of thinking that this was love; he made the mistake of thinking that the character of the virago, undermined by psychoneurosis and by her habits, could be changed by the sweet influence of his tenderness or by maternity.

She appears on the stage exhibiting in cruel nakedness her frozen heart. She is lacking in affectionateness and sympathy, she becomes irritated by the slightest occurrences, everybody bores her, nothing pleases her; her acts and her words unite to show that she takes pleasure in causing others to suffer. A few months of her life of matrimony have passed, and she does not conceal that she is already wearied. She is angered by the happiness of others. Eilert has taken up with their friend Thea; she does not pardon them for being happy.

She conspires against the tranquillity of every one, putting a drop of poison in each of her words. She slides into moral imprudences when she is thrown with the old gallant, Brack; she is guilty of a criminal act when she robs Eilert of his most precious manuscripts. She is a simulator, conceited, unstable; every morning she awakens with new desires, with different caprices. Her moral consciousness is more voluble than her temperament; she shows herself at times to be dull, lazy, without initiative, and at others, impetuous and passionate, breaking out in abuse, working spasmodically. Her intelligence is lucid, to the point of justifying her airs of a superior woman; but that same quality, which some might deem an excellence, is the cause of her most profound disequilibrium, as she maintains no symmetry, with her lack of moral sense. This is a characteristic of mental degenerates, men or women; the irregularity of her affective life coexists with a reasoning power that disconcerts, increasing her capacity for the practice of evil.

Some praise in Hedda the "strong woman," as if feminine superiority might be confounded with moral inadaptability. The strong woman is the one who can love more, who is a better companion, who is a better mother, who is a better citizen, who possesses in a higher degree the sentiments required for increasing the felicity of those who surround her, in the home and in society; because upon this depends her own happiness. If, besides these virtues, a woman possess a superior intelligence and a firm personality, all the better for her and for others, as also if she possess a higher culture or be capable of being sufficient unto herself by her own effort. These attributes, however, which beautify a moral and well balanced character, centuplicate the perversity of unaffectionate characters; there is nothing more lamentable than intelligence placed at the service of evil, nothing more dreadful than superiority in the refinements of vice.

Hedda Gabler is the representative personage of a whole genus of women who look upon matrimony as emancipation from paternal tutelage, and who do not hesitate to give themselves without love, thinking in advance to play the traitor to the bond

which they do not seal with their whole heart. They move along at the hazard of unforeseen circumstances; they skirt dangers; they tread upon the verge of all precipices, and when the pathological inheritance undermines their character, as often occurs, they are unable to offer any resistance to the temptations of vice and crime. The want of occasion may cause them to live in apparent chastity, but they lack the moral strength that is the indispensable prop of virtue. More frequently they become half depraved, they fritter away their morality, they graduate it, as if the lucidity of their understanding refined with noisome arts all that may be conceded to vice, saving only appearances and avoiding responsibility.

Hedda, envious, does not with her own hand kill Eilert, who makes Thea happy; but with infamous counsel she drives him to suicide and she gives him the pistol with which to solve the difficulties that she herself has created for him. When the victim fires a shot at himself, yielding to her instigation, Hedda outrages the sorrow of all by declaring that it is a beautiful and a noble deed, worthy of praise.

Her neuropathic state becomes heightened and increases her disquietude in the face of a life that is itself without variety; neither intrigues nor crimes are able to relieve her boredom. At such moments her imagination flies to the pistols, the good pistols of General Gabler, with which her fingers are wont to play as with rings. The announcement of her future maternity does not awaken new sentiments in her; she is lacking in the instinct that beautifies woman's whole existence. Not feeling with the soul of a mother, she loses the one hope of sentimental renewal that might vitalize her being.

So, always protesting against her weariness, despising those who surround her, she reaches the only logical solution of her life: suicide. Tired of firing her pistols so much at others, one day she points one of them at her own temple and closes the drama, carrying with her the poor offspring to which she is incapable of giving life.

It is common to attribute these feminine disequilibriums to hysteria, as if the great neurosis that gave fame to the Salpêtrière was the cause of all that is abnormal in the mentality of women. The diagnostic is not correct, however. Hedda Gabler was not an hysteric; there is not in the drama a single datum that compels us to believe so. The mental instability of hysterics depends upon partial dissociations of personality, exalted or inhibited by a fixed idea, by an odd suggestion, by an amnesia. All this may alter the equilibrium of the moral personality and upset the will, but the moral personality exists, rich in sentiments, capable of passion, a prey to the emotions. The hysteric may have a morbid affectivity; Hedda Gabler was characterized by an absence of affectivity. The hysteric is sentimentally diseased; this female suicide was a simple idiot of the heart.

V

PSYCHOLOGY AND CRITICISM

Art is a phenomenon conditioned by nature and society, always and everywhere. From Taine to Guyau, this conception has been rounded out; and, without being wholly new, it has finally succeeded in penetrating the consciousness of the critics, limited in other days to grammatical and philological rumination, if not to biographical studies whose uniform futility oscillated between the diatribe and the apology.

By a normal process, naturalistic and sociological criticism has tended to merge with psychology. Indeed, what moves in nature and society is man; his ideas and his sentiments are born and they develop in the environment; but they possess on their own account the congenital potency of the temperament, impregnated by inheritance and expressed in character.

If the artists have interpreted human character, the criticism of the latter can be effected by an appeal to psychology; and if these characters are but normal—entering, like Lear, into the domain of the pathological, or verging upon its frontiers, like Gabler—it will be useful to hear the judgment of mental pathology in order to estimate their merits.

Thus there has arisen a medico-psychological criticism, the first-fruits of which attest its importance. The studies of Charcot and Richet upon the demoniacs in art—

continued even to-day in the review of their disciples, *Nouvelle Iconographie de la Salpêtrière*—are memorable. There are certain glimmers in Guyau's *Les problèmes de l'esthétique contemporaine*, in the few valuable observations in Lombroso's *L'uomo di genio* and in Nordau's *Entartung*.[2] Criminal types in art and literature have been studied by Ferri, Maus, Lefort and Alimena; and the alienated, by Ireland, Porena and Régis. It is interesting to point out that Shakespeare has furnished the most abundant materials for criticism of this kind, special monographs having been devoted to him by Ireland, Renda, del Greco and d'Alfonso. The degenerates and criminals of the Dantesque inferno gave rise to a beautiful monograph by Nicéforo; Professor Debove studied certain eminent personages of Molière; Patrizi, those of Goncourt; Leggiardi, Laura and Graf, those of Manzoni; Laschi, the aristocratic and financial delinquents that appear in the works of Balzac, Lemaître, Zola and Ibsen; Longon, the robbers of Schiller and certain feminine silhouettes of Ibsen's; Pi Molist, the madness of don Quijote; Salillas, the delinquents in the picaresque novel.

Contemporary authors have been the object of particular attention, inasmuch as many of their personages have been inspired by technical studies of mental pathology. In Zola's novels, Lombroso and Ferri have made investigations with good results. Ibsen's personages have been studied by Geyer, from the medical point of view; Schuré has analyzed the struggle between feeling and will in certain types of Ibsen's and Maeterlinck's. More recent are the notes of Sciamanna, Sighele and Ferri upon the half-witted and delinquent types in the works of d'Annunzio.

It will be said, and justly, that society is not made up entirely of representative characters, and from this it is deduced that it is not sufficient to analyze the individual temperament to enable one to comprehend history. Let us not forget, however, that art has not reduced history to a simple play of characters, as it often gives supreme importance to the collective psychological factors.

So intense was the participation of the multitudes in Greek life that no one is surprised at the place it occupies in art, whether we contemplate the second book of the Homeric *Iliad* or whether we stop at the work of the greatest writers of tragedy. The judgment of the assembly was wont to decide the fate of heroes before the walls of Troy; in Sophocles and Æschylus, the sentiments of the chorus were those that orientated the dénouement of the tragedy. Afterward, for centuries, representative men occupied a more eminent place than the multitudes in works of art, and the analysis of individual characters was always preferred to that of the collective mind. In recent years, however, as a reflection, perhaps, of the psychological conceptions that agitate the contemporary world, the multitudes have again reappeared in the theater and in the novel, exerting weight through their passions upon the outcome of events.

In the presence of that individualistic literature, which Ibsen represents with symbolical personages like *An Enemy of the People*, there is developed a social literature that seeks to affirm the rights of society over the individual. The two types are profoundly realistic; both could be called experimental; social life is, in truth, a constant struggle between the individual, who attempts to break the equilibrium of the whole for his own benefit, and the collectivity, which endeavors to subordinate individual inclinations in the interest of all.

We do not enter here into distinctions, even if just and opportune, between collective psychological phenomena and the particular mentality of the accidental gatherings called multitudes. It is true that the former are normal and constitute a part of the habitual life of societies, while the latter present truly abnormal characteristics, since they express themselves by results that do not correspond to the psychic characteristics of their components.

We are only able to point out—since time is lacking for their analysis—the three kinds of great multitudes that move through the novels of Zola. *Germinal*, an episode of life in the mines, shows us a

[2]The English version was given the title of *Degeneration*.—THE EDITOR.

multitude impassioned and at times criminal; *La débâcle* paints upon indelible pages the contagion of panic in a routed army; *Lourdes* exhibits the ravages which fanaticism produces in religious multitudes.

There is in them abundant material for observations to illustrate the teachings upon collective psychopathology set forth by Taine, Sighele, Tarde, Le Bon, Rossi and so many other writers who have been able to explore the zone of interference between psychological and sociological studies. It is also legitimate, however, to think that these scientific doctrines may lend valauble aid to criticism, if it proposes to base the validity of its sentences upon logic.

The little that we have said is sufficient to prove the theme of this lecture: *art, in its most expressive creations, has fashioned great psychopathological types, the analysis of which may be useful to students of mental pathology.*

Just as so many contemporary artists have sought in science an inspiration or admonition, in order to impart more life and more emotion to their creations, so it will not be futile for men of science to seek from art its inspiration and its admonition, when it is human art, social and at the same time psychological art; not the hollow verbalism of rhetoricians and sophists. If art be worthy of its name, it will always be the sister of science, completing by the flight of the imagination the fruitful results of experience. Truth and beauty are factors that converge toward ideal perfection.

A QUATERNARY GIANT

BY

CARLOS CUERVO MÁRQUEZ

An account of the accidental discovery of a large skeleton, afterward visited by the author, who gives minute details as to the bones and their surroundings, with conjectures as to the nature of the creature to which it belonged and its place in the animal kingdom.—THE EDITOR.

AT THE beginning of the year 1913 two country men of Venadillo, in the *departamento* of Tolima, found in the fissures of a *barranca* in the gorge of Calapo, at a distance of one kilometer from the town mentioned above, two bones of extraordinary size; and, thinking that they had chanced upon the grave of a giant, they began to make excavations in search of the treasure which they supposed might be found in what they surmised to be a very rich *guaca* (*huaca*) or sepulcher of the Indians.

As the discovery possessed no scientific interest for them, they did not take care to disinter the bones without breaking them to pieces, and much less to collect and preserve them. Nevertheless, the size of these remains awakened the curiosity of the neighborhood, and the mayor of the municipality informed the government of what had occurred. Deeming it an affair of a discovery of importance to Colombian paleontolgy, the Ministerio de Instrucción Pública, which was at that time under my charge, ordered that excavation be suspended and that the bones of the supposed giant which might be in the possession of private individuals be collected as far as possible. This was done, and some time afterward I was able to go to Venadillo for the purpose of studying the conditions in which the remains of the fossil under discussion were to be found.

The town of Venadillo, at an elevation of three hundred meters above sea-level, and with a mean temperature of twenty-five degrees, centigrade, is situated about twenty-four kilometers east of Ambalena, upon a soil rich in quaternary sediments, such as constitute all that part of the wealthy valley of Tolima. The ground, slightly broken as a result of great phenomena of erosion, begins to rise at a short distance from the town to form the hills which serve as a base for the snow-capped *páramo*[1] of Santa Isabel, in the central cordillera. From its sides are discharged a number of streams of water, among them the Venadillo river, which skirts the foot of the town and runs eastward until it delivers to the Magdalena the tribute of its waters. An affluent of the Venadillo is the Quebrada de Calapo, of very slight volume, whose channel, upon reaching the plain, spreads out in an extensive network in the alluvium which composes the soil of the valley.

At a depth of about three meters, beneath a layer of sediment of great thickness and above another of whitish marl, damp and sticky, was stretched the gigantic skeleton, among stones, or rather, conglomerates, of different sizes, blackish in color, round in shape, and of but very slight density, formed by the grains of sand compacted by a black substance of bituminous appearance, produced doubtless by the grease in which the animal to which these remains belonged must have been rich, and which, it seemed, lived in the early times of the quaternary period before the modern alluvia which constitute the present soil of this part of the valley of the Magdalena had been deposited.

From the space occupied by the skeleton and the size of the bones, it is deduced that the animal to which they belonged must have measured from four to five meters, and that it must have been broad, solid and powerful, and, like the hippopotamus, of heavy structure and extraordinary strength. This was revealed by the size of the bones of the extremities, and by the fur-

[1] See INTER-AMERICA for December, 1917, page 95, column 1, foot-note 3.—THE EDITOR.

rows and channels which afforded passage to the nerves and arteries, as well as by the crests and roughnesses that served as a point of insertion for the muscles and tendons—all of immense strength.

The ulna, for example, measures on its longer side forty centimeters, while on the shorter side it measures only thirty centimeters. The articular face, which consequently is proportionately oblique, is furrowed by a wide channel, which has a diameter of twenty centimeters, or half the greater length of the bone, and the muscular insertion crest is on a level with the lower edge of the face. The radius measures only twenty-eight centimeters in length.

The tibia is fifty-four centimeters long, while the circumference of the bone is thirty-four. The circumference of the upper part at the point of the Gerdy tubercle is also fifty-four centimeters long; and the popliteal cavity is very marked.

In the vertebrae, attention is arrested by the considerable diameter of the medullar canal and by the slight development of spinous apophyses, in relation to the size of the skeleton. The last three caudal vertebrae are solidly attached and bent at right angles, which seems to indicate a very short tail, and at the same time, a very highly developed rump, as in the case of certain pachyderms. The terminal vertebra measures thirteen centimeters in length.

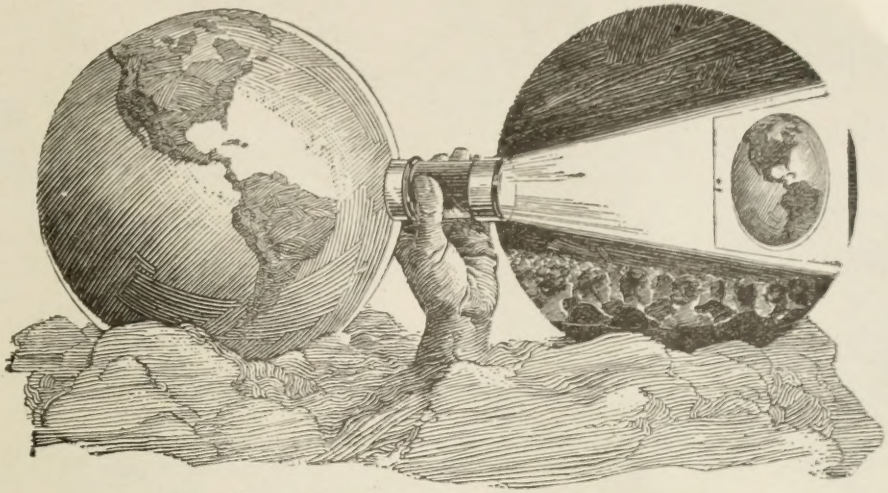
The markedly oblique surface of the articular face of the ulna, as well as the form of this bone—curved inward—indicate that the movements and the gait were slow and heavy, like those of the tardigrades.

All these circumstances cause the general aspect of the skeleton to remind us of the peculiar forms of the megatheres. At first sight a person might well believe that he was in the presence of one of those giants of the American quaternary fauna. Nevertheless, the fossil of Venadillo presents a peculiarity which, in my opinion, differentiates it from this paleontological group, and it is that it is provided with incisors, from eight to ten centimeters in length, flat and stocky, with a breadth of five centimeters throughout their whole length. The upper surface is beveled, and, as a consequence, it terminates in a sharp edge, adapted to cutting the stalks of the tall plants upon which it must have fed. Unfortunately, in removing the marl that covered them, they fell to pieces. Some of the pieces are preserved in the Museo Nacional, and I have others in my possession.

The presence of teeth of this kind affords ground for supposing that we have here a new type, perhaps a form of transition between the megatheres and the pachyderms, with which might be filled out the series of types intermediate between the edentata and the pachyderms.

If the megatheres present, because of the nature of their teeth, greater similarities to the edentata, the fossil of Venadillo seems to approach the pachyderms in respect of teeth; but the general form of the skeleton—expecially the disposition of the anterior members—has the appearance of the megatheres.

With due reservations and merely as a theme for study and as a basis for later observations, we have dared to express the foregoing opinion. It will remain for others, better trained to study the question and provided with ampler means for observation, to determine, in a precise and definitive manner, the place among the group of quaternary mammals that ought to be assigned to the Venadillo fossil of whose skeleton are preserved certain important parts in the Museo Nacional.



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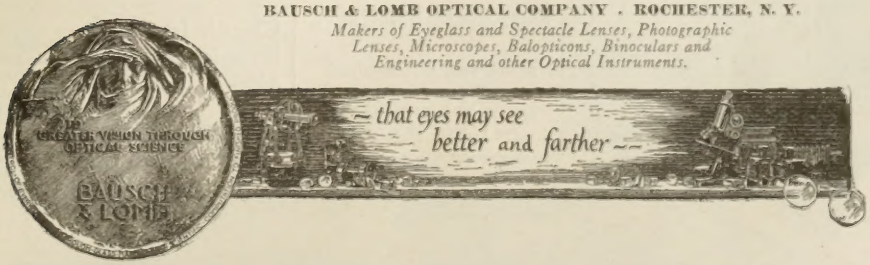

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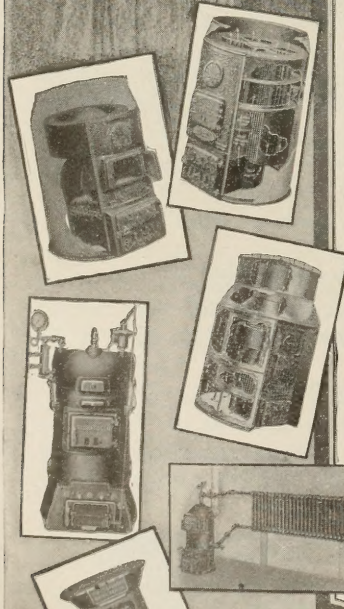

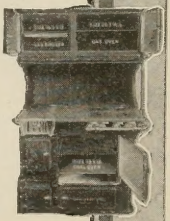

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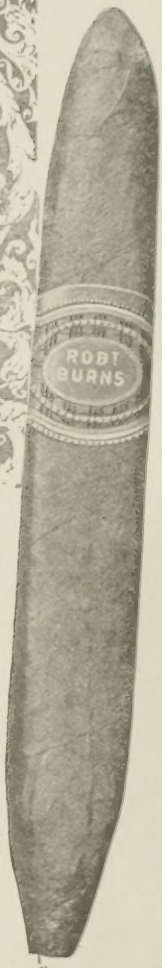

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